ALONE ON AN ELEPHANT WILLIAM EASTLAKE

THE NATION

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LETTERS

Cook on Cohen

Interlaken, N. J.

DEAR SIRS: It is unfortunate that Jacob Cohen did not take the trouble to read with greater care, or to interpret with greater scrupulousness, the account of the Kennedy assassination that I wrote for *The Nation* [issues of June 20 and July 11]. . . .

Cohen leaps, by a process of logic that baffles me, to the conclusion that I hold the autopsy report in the Kennedy assassination to have been falsified. I have not said so nor am I convinced at this point that it was. There are certainly peculiar circumstances surrounding it—and surrounding the suppression of the missing X-rays and pictorial evidence—and all of this is food for suspicion. That is all I pointed out, and for a very good reason. There may be, in part at least, another explanation—that some of the autopsy work, like much else in the investigation, was bungled.

The testimony in the record describing the autopsy certainly indicates that the pathologists could not get a probe through the back neck wound. In researching my own article, I checked with a doctor friend who had interned and been a resident at Bellevue. He had assisted in autopsies performed by Dr. Milton Helpern, New York's chief medical examiner, and Dr. Gonzalez, the great expert who preceded him. My friend's explanation was this:

When the President was first wounded, he had his hand up waving to the crowds; this meant that the muscles of his back would be drawn up to some degree. In death, with his arms at his sides, these muscles and tissues would fall back into their normal place, closing the path of the wound. Expert criminal pathologists like Dr. Helpern or Dr. Gonzalez, faced with this kind of problem, would work the arm up and down until they had re-created the position of the tissues at the moment of impact—and then a probe would slip through, establishing an exact trajectory. My doctor friend says he has seen this kind of examination performed many times in Bellevue. You can, he says, be an expert pathologist, but criminal pathology is a specialty of its own, and unless you are especially experienced in its techniques, it is easy to be baffled.

What we are left with, then, in the commission report is a trajectory as it has to be estimated from the autopsy findings, which do locate positively the entrance wound in the back and the exit wound in the front. I concentrated on these fixed and established points, the only details that are fixed and established, and again I think Cohen distorts my position when he says I "believe" the first bullet hit too low in the back to have exited from the President's throat and then hit Connally. It is not what I believe that matters, nor did I write for *The Nation* on the basis of a "belief." It is what the autopsy report specifically shows, and I would like to get that point across to Cohen.

Leaving all drawings and speculations about missing X-rays and photographs aside, Commander Humes's autopsy report specifically locates the wounds. The entrance wound was 14 centimeters, about 5½ inches, directly in from the tip of the shoulder joint; the exact same distance directly down from the tip of the mastoid bone, in the back just to the right of the spinal column. The exit wound in the neck was at the lower edge of the Adam's apple, nicking the necktie knot as the bullet passed. Now these are fixed points. You can measure them fairly closely on any normally constructed man of President Kennedy's approximate height and build; you can get a pretty good idea measuring on yourself. This is virtually a straight line through the body. I've

(Continued on page 156)

EDITORIALS

Deterioration

The American Dilemma is what Gunnar Myrdal called Negro-white relations in our country in 1944. If it posed dreadful problems then, when the Negro was relatively acquiescent in the status to which white America had consigned him, the present situation is truly fearful. If reason has not fled entirely, it seems to be in rapid retreat, with stupidity and violence ready to take its place.

The actions of the Congress are usually a fairly accurate reflection of the temper of the dominant interests in American society; if this is the case now, the outlook is ominous. After twelve days of often bitter debate, the House has passed another civil rights bill, which faces Republican opposition in the Senate and a possible filibuster by Southern Democrats. Those parts of the bill which deal with desegregation of housing and schools have been rendered ineffective. Title VI would have authorized the Attorney General to file school desegregation suits without request by citizens in the districts involved. This has been nullified; to a large extent the open-housing section has received similar treatment.

But if little has been accomplished on the constructive side, the House has prepared a witch's brew to further poison race relations and substitute repression for whatever hopes of conciliation remain. As if existing anti-conspiracy statutes were not enough, the House accepted by voice vote an anti-riot amendment to the civil rights bill which could send to prison anyone who travels interstate or uses any interstate facility—including the mails—for any civil rights action which results in civil commotion. Rep. William F. Ryan protested that the House had lost sight of the purpose of Title V of the civil rights bill, which was designed to broaden federal criminal laws against intimidating or harming persons pursuing their rights under the Constitution. The House has instead legitimized the white backlash in its most fanatical form. It gives Negro leaders the choice between ceasing demonstrations and risking jail if disorder—with or without their sanction—occurs.

A Cuyahoga County grand jury went a step further in a move which may well resuscitate the House Committee on Un-American Activities. It charged that the racial violence in Cleveland during June and July "was organized and exploited" by "trained and disciplined professionals," some of whom are either members or officers in the Communist Party. In the South, of course, the identification of Negro rebellion with communism has long been accepted doctrine, but Northern officials have for the most part steered clear of an accusation so patently spurious. That the Communists would like to organize the Negro masses is obvious but that they have never succeeded in gaining a following is equally obvious. Someone has said that the Negroes who rioted and pillaged in Watts didn't know socialism from rheumatism; it is equally true in Hough. After this attempt to reignite the Red hunt, the grand jury made a passing reference to Negro poverty and frustration but even this was coupled with accusations that it was all set off by agitators.

Subsequently, two Cleveland policemen who are alleged to have infiltrated the Communist Party testified that they

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had "no personal knowledge" of Communist involvement in the riots, but it remains to be seen how effectively this "inside" report will offset the curious notion that foreign agitation is required to make the Negro dissatisfied with his role in American life.

With the spotlight on the North, Mississippi managed to get back into the act. In Grenada members of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference led local Negroes on a march to protest the use of tear gas by the police the night before at a civil rights rally. "You're going to see a show tonight," the sheriff told reporters, one of whom, Gene Roberts, wrote up the spectacle for *The New York Times* (August 10). About 100 law-enforcement officers stood by while the demonstrators were showered with bricks, bottles and firecrackers. In Chicago the police protected the demonstrators; Grenada is more permissive.

A situation is developing in which the white backlash is reinforced in the North by white violence in the South, and vice versa. Two decades of systematic Red-hunting will facilitate placing the blame for disorder on the Communists, even if not one remains in the community. The dilemma which Myrdal viewed with sorrow and perplexity is now to be mated with the outstanding American obsession. The offspring is likely to be more monstrous than its parents.

The Johnson Gamble

Mr. Johnson has taken the Vietnamese bull by the horns —not that there was much else he could have done. He purposes to campaign on the issue that all loyal Americans must rally around the flag. There is no longer to be an allowable divergence on the basic issues of the righteousness of the war and the necessity of bringing it to a triumphant conclusion. The time for such indulgence is past, and as the campaign heats up Mr. Johnson will cudgel without mercy any opponents, high or low, who persist in their contumacy.

The progression is a logical one. In the 1964 campaign Mr. Johnson was the man of peace standing between the American people and the firebrand Goldwater. Winning by a landslide, the man of peace became indistinguishable from his adversary, except that he was mealy-mouthed about what he was doing—continually talking about bringing the enemy to the conference table, then committing another division every time there seemed chance of a settlement. Given the ratio between the troops in Vietnam when he took office and the troops there now, Mr. Johnson could scarcely take any stand other than the one he now assumes. And, as every politican knows, the time-honored technique to make people forget that they have been hoodwinked into a war is to keep on enlarging the war and discourage rational discussion.

But even the shrewdest political dodges do not always work, and Mr. Johnson must make this one work not only in 1966 but also in 1968. In escalating the war, he has simultaneously escalated the political stakes. The war is

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somewhat like a domestic labor conflict: the longer the strike lasts, the more reluctant the union is to settle for peanuts. When we had 16,000 men in Vietnam and those in the combat areas were fighting only as "advisers," we could have wriggled out without any insuperable loss of prestige. The Republicans would have made day and night hideous with their screams for a while, but no Democrat would have been politically lynched by an enraged populace. As Mr. Johnson has arranged it, the cost is already so high that he must deliver something commensurate in the way of having taught the Vietcong, the North Vietnamese and the Chinese Reds a lesson which they will not soon forget. And for that there is little time—this year's election is less than three months away, and all our bombing intelligence reports indicate that the number of enemy troops in South Vietnam has increased by more than 50,000 since the January 1 estimate.

Between now and 1968, of course, anything can happen, but a sample of the projections which are being made in the Pentagon is the one attributed to Marine Corps sources: to force the war to a "successful conclusion" would require 750,000 men—and eight years. At his August 9 press conference the President disclaimed any knowledge of such a prognosis, but he did not deny that such a study had been made, and he must know that even gloomier forecasts have gone the rounds. If these forecasts are not grossly mistaken, in 1968 the war will be in a most inconclusive state. Our European allies will be even more restive and nervous—Konrad Adenauer's appeal for an end to the American entanglement in Vietnam is premonitory. The American people will be sick of the whole affair. Though they will in large measure have themselves to blame for the apathy that permitted Mr. Johnson to do what he did, there is no scapegoat more suitable than a President who has failed to win a war. About the only happy ending conceivable for Mr. Johnson is that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong should come with bowed heads to the conference table, and of this there is no sign.

Angled Money

Ever since Chile discovered last year that the professorial character of Operation Camelot, a sociological study operated by American University, camouflaged U.S. Army snooping into the "political instability" of that country, our government has been seeking ways to avoid that kind of embarrassment in the future. Out of this effort have come the hearings being conducted by Senator Harris of Oklahoma, whose own goal is "to see if it would not be better to civilianize such research through a new or existing contract agency." Harris is properly worried because of the $25 million spent overseas last year in contract studies of "social and behavioral" matters, half of which came from the Department of Defense. A comparative pittance, about $200,000, was from the State Department.

Why are the generals suddenly so interested in social science? Critics suggest the brass has found that monkeying with another country's mores is almost as much sport as helping to depose their leaders by armed coups. Other explanations are kinder. Pendleton Herring, president of the Social Science Research Council of New York, told the Harris committee that some hope might even be found in the new military enthusiasm, pointing to a flexibility that the State Department does not have. He accounts for it with the theory that the military is "accustomed to dealing with scientists. They are accustomed to experimentation. They are accustomed to things that don't always pan out, but they are venturesome minded."

On the other hand, Dr. Gabriel Almond, president of the American Political Science Foundation at Stanford University, draws little comfort from the prospect of "venturesome" generals launching professors upon semi-spy jobs that "don't pan out" and only serve to irritate whole countries. He sees a trend in many countries toward nationalism, collective socialism, authoritarianism — making an atmosphere in which American scholarship, sponsored by the world's most rigorously anti-collectivist government, is greeted with deep hostility and suspicion. There must be something to this because government witnesses conceded that no more than 1 per cent of the studies are initiated at the request of the to-be-investigated country.

There is one impeccable solution: learned institutions need only refuse all Pentagon or CIA funds for basic social science research in foreign countries. Some professors hold to this position, but they are probably in the minority. Other professors, rebelling at the social sciences' customary poverty, have told the Harris committee that they are willing to take research money from anybody; that attitude will undoubtedly prevail. Federal research money has for a long while been a barb sunk deep in the soft flesh of the universities, and they no longer struggle.

Proposals for "civilianizing" the research usually follow two lines: setting up a social science foundation through which to channel government funds, similar to the National Science Foundation; or continuing the present method, contrived since Camelot, of having all foreign contract research programs from whatever source—Pentagon, AID, Arms Control, USIA, NASA, or HEW — checked through the Department of State for potentially embarrassing side effects.

Both systems have the fundamental defect that the money is spent ostensibly for the furtherance of truth, but actually in pursuit of an angle. It is almost impossible to get the angle out of money the government spends on science. Tom Hughes, director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence, admitted as much when he said that there are ample ways of getting around the process of contract review. For example, he said, while the State Department reviews contracts to individual professors it does not review grants to universities, so when the "problems of auspices and sensitivity and direct public government involvement become controversial," the government will simply go underground—giving grants to universities, which will then be channeled by sympathetic administrators into the prearranged studies, but in a way that will go undetected by the State Department or by others.

The final irony of the contemplated methods for supervising research-spy money, he said, "is that no amount of risk review can guarantee that there will not be another Camelot. The review tends to be a one-shot affair while the risk potential runs the length of the project and does not end with the project's completion. The damage to intergovernment relations can occur without public visibility."

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Tantrums

In a letter which we publish this week (page 156) a reader suggests certain tests whereby the concerned citizen may determine whether or not a political leader has lost contact with objective reality ("gone mad with power" is the phrase he uses). Still another symptom of this aberrant state of mind may be that those around the leader shield him from unwelcome expressions of opinion, lest his predictable rage lash out at them as the most available targets.

When Mr. Johnson was in Indianapolis last month, barnstorming for his conduct of the war in Vietnam, a considerable group of anti-war pickets was shunted into streets well out of his line of sight, and only picket signs supporting his position were permitted in the area cordoned off for his address. The obvious assumption was that local authorities, eager to earn the approval of their distinguished visitor, had not been too nice in their regard for the rights of citizens. But perhaps it was not quite like that.

Indianapolis Police Chief Noel A. Jones, who clearly does not enjoy being called names and who admits that he cannot cite the law under which he restricted the activities of the pickets and arrested those who protested the interference, later stated that he acted reluctantly under orders from Secret Service men who conferred with him in advance of the President's arrival. One sympathizes with the federal security officers whose duties bring them in frequent range of Mr. Johnson's notable temper, but if America's cities are now to be tidied up into a series of Potemkin villages to protect the President's sensibilities, the chances of making him respond to anything but his own impulses grow exceedingly slim.

The FBI's Startling Disclosure

Testifying before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on the Communist Party's 18th National Convention, held in New York last June, J. Edgar Hoover dropped the following bombshell into the laps of the legislators:

"The 18th National Convention climaxed over six months of intensive party planning. It represented the largest assemblage of Communists in this country since the last convention."

Mr. Hoover may not be irreplaceable, but he would surely be hard to duplicate.

Peace in Outer Space

Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg had a bit of good news for the press on August 8, after the completion of his first year as U.S. representative to the United Nations. The Legal Subcommittee of the UN Committee on the Peaceful Uses of Outer Space, meeting in Geneva, had agreed on thirteen points, contained in nine articles, and Ambassador Goldberg reported a feeling of optimism that a treaty would be concluded. If so, space will offer an environment far more civilized and humane than the earth. Exploration and use of space and celestial bodies, the high contracting parties agree, shall be for the benefit of all mankind. All states shall be on a basis of equality. Claims of sovereignty and national appropriation are barred. No party will place any nuclear or other weapons of mass destruction out there, nor erect fortifications, nor establish bases. Man's activities are to be subject to international law, including the UN Charter. A launching state shall be internationally liable for damages caused by its space vehicles. Astronauts are to be promptly and safely returned if they land elsewhere than planned. Other provisions are on the same plane of amenity.

The prerequisite for this progress is, of course, agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union, since at present these are the only states with capacity for space travel. The General Assembly could not proceed except on the basis of such agreement. But even when a treaty is drawn up and astronauts, as Mr. Goldberg expressed it, are henceforth to be regarded as "envoys of mankind," only a beginning will have been made in keeping out of space the animosities and follies of governments. Both the United States and the Soviet Union maintain huge military establishments, the members of which have no other mission than to defend their respective countries against all enemies, foreign and domestic. "Defense" is the most elastic of terms, and all foreign countries are potential enemies.

In the United States, the Air Force is proceeding with research and development on what is euphemistically called a Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL). Its laboratory work will consist in learning how to inspect, disorbit, neutralize and destroy spacecraft of other nations. The Soviets are undoubtedly busy with similar plans. Peace in space is deeply antithetical to the aims of these explorers. The future governments of the two powers will therefore be faced with the task of controlling their spacemen, and this will scarcely be possible unless mass murder is controlled on earth.

The Public Relations of Napalm

The anti-Vietnamese war slogan, "Hey, hey, L.B.J./How many kids did you kill today?" is not entirely fair to Mr. Johnson. As the Pentagon points out, civilians are always the victims of war. When in March, 1945, a single incendiary attack on Tokyo left 84,000 dead, many children must have been consumed in the conflagration.

Yet the present war is different. Neither North nor South Vietnam ever inflicted a Pearl Harbor on us; we crossed the Pacific to inflict our intervention on them. The parents of the dead and injured children of South Vietnam may have been neutral, they may actually have been on our side, but the napalm and TNT we pour on suspected Vietcong positions does not discriminate. What succor do we offer the children who are still alive? The answer is: substantially none. Medical conditions in South Vietnam are horrible; experts say that the hospitals are death houses. In the countryside even this medieval level of medical care is lacking —there are neither hospitals nor doctors.

A Swiss humanitarian organization, *Terre des Hommes* (World of Mankind), is striving to do something about this. *Terre des Hommes* describes its work as "the struggle, in the open, against the conspiracy of silence, the martyrdom and liquidation of the weak . . . the spark that fires the conscience of the satisfied and comfortable. . . ." It sent two representatives, one of them a surgeon, to South Vietnam to survey conditions. Their conclusion was that the children suffering from burns and wounds could not be

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treated in Vietnam, most of which is a combat area. Arrangements were accordingly made for some 400 hospital beds in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg and Denmark, where these mutilated children could receive modern medical care. The government of South Vietnam was willing to cooperate and thirty-two children were flown to Geneva in an airliner chartered by *Terre des Hommes*; but the cost of air transport—about $1,500 per child—is far beyond the organization's resources. *Terre des Hommes* therefore appealed to President Johnson for help in transportation. A White House aide replied that the U.S. Government "welcomes all efforts to aid the victims of Communist aggression in South Vietnam," but that U.S. military aircraft could not be provided, nor were funds available in support of the activities of *Terre des Hommes* in Europe. We might consider extending assistance to "organizations which undertake humanitarian projects for the benefit of needy persons *within South Vietnam.*" (Italics added.)

Terre des Hommes agrees that local hospitalization is preferable wherever it can be organized. "But," it asks, "who would make the plans, draw the blueprints, supervise the construction? When? Where? And how much time would it take? Where are the funds, the supplies, the equipment and the personnel? Where can one find large numbers of available and highly trained specialists [and] nurses?"

Most of these children are the victims of American air action. U Thant's description of the Vietnamese war as one of the most barbaric in history presumably refers mainly to this phase. It is understandable that the U.S. Government does not wish to have the human consequences of its air bombardment policy further emphasized by the presence in Europe of Vietnamese child victims. The White House letter was drafted with such public relations considerations in mind. But what about the Vietnamese whose hearts and minds we say we wish to win? Will the sight of their neglected and suffering children make them love us? Would they not be more appreciative if U.S. aircraft were furnished to fly the children to Europe for treatment, as South Vietnamese combat paraplegics are flown to Veterans Administration hospitals in the United States? As for funds, pictures of a DC-6B airplane recently purchased for Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and equipped with television, stereophonic sound and a built-in bar have appeared in U.S. newspapers. It reportedly cost $500,000. Such contrasts may entail worse publicity than the presence abroad of the victims of U.S. air action.

Russia's Other Peace Movement

ALBERT PARRY

Mr. Parry is professor of Russian Civilization and Language, and chairman of the Department of Russian Studies at Colgate. His latest book is The New Class Divided *(Macmillan).*

On the evening of April 7 a Soviet citizen walked into a Moscow plaza, doused himself with gasoline and put a match to his clothes. Passers-by rushed over and tried to save him. An ambulance took him to a hospital where three days later he died. Inside Russia the news was hushed. To foreign correspondents the government sorrowfully explained that Nikolai Didyk, age 25, a truck driver from the Ukraine, had burned himself to death in protest against the refusal of the authorities to send him to Vietnam as a volunteer to fight with the Vietcong.

Russian *émigrés* abroad doubted that such was indeed the reason for Didyk's self-immolation. They noted that he chose to die, not in front of the Ministry of Defense or the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but right outside the Lubianka Prison. It seemed to them more probable that his protest was directed against the political oppression still symbolized by that prison.

But whatever Didyk's motive, we know that young Russians do try to volunteer for the Vietcong. Some of them may be impelled by their Marxism; others are moved by the lure of dangerous adventure. But many more Russians, young or not, are cynically wary of trumpet calls from Hanoi. Soviet soldiers dislike hearing about Vietnam. In the armed forces daily, *Krasnaya Zvezda* (February 1), a general in charge of political orientation of the troops in the Leningrad Military District related his talk with a subordinate political officer:

> Lucidly and in great detail he reported to me about many of his unit's everyday problems; he cited figures, percentages [illustrating the unit's political study successes]. . . .
>
> I asked the officer: "And what are the young men really interested in? What questions do they ask in connection with the events in Vietnam?"
>
> An oppressive silence followed.

Nor do they want to talk about any war. The suffering and heroic deeds of their fathers in World War II are for them practically a taboo subject. A woman who served in the war as a Soviet bomber pilot complained in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of May 13 that young people nowadays dodge war-memorial celebrations. She lamely coupled this indifference to compulsory attendance: "As is well known, young people usually protest against what is made obligatory for them."

But surely there is more to it than automatic reaction. In front of an audience of 700, a Leningrad student boldly upbraided the propagandists: "Enough of your reminders that you fought for us and defended us. I owe nothing to anybody." (Quoted, indignantly, by a Soviet propaganda official in *Sovetskaya Rossiya,* November 24, 1965.)

The patriots still rage in *Krasnaya Zvezda* against Vasily Bykov's novella, *The Dead Don't Feel Pain* (it ran early this year in *Novy Mir*), for saying of today's young people that the Second World War "is an abstraction to them, something like Europe's glacial period, or the last phase of the stone age."

One more World War, this time between the Soviet Union and the United States? Not if the new generation can avoid it. A high school senior was chided in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of December 13, 1964, for saying in a private letter

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(intercepted by the authorities): "I know that those jokers in military uniforms, when they speak of foe, mean the 'GI' [the entire letter was in Russian, but 'GI' was written in English]. Well, so be it. It is their job, after all. But I don't want war! I don't want to kill people who have never caused me any harm!"

Patriotic slogans are not working. In another letter, a young Soviet rocket-unit lieutenant announced that he was resigning his commission: "An officer's service had seemed to me different [than it turned out to be], but the reality dispelled all my illusions like so much smoke. . . . Only please don't deliver me any patriotic lectures." (*Krasnaya Zvezda*, August 13, 1965.)

There is, then, genuine pacifism among at least some young nonconformists in the Soviet Union. For want of a better expression, I would call it non-dove pacifism to distinguish it from the official, Picasso-dove-emblem insistence of the Soviet Government that its every policy is truly peaceful. And yet, some genuine non-dove pacifists among the Soviet populace use the government's peace-loving protestations to justify their own anti-military agitation or action. Last Christmas Day, in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, a Soviet officer wrote that he had asked one woman teacher:

"And how goes the military, patriotic education of the young in your school? How do you imbue them with love for the Soviet Army? What military skills are being learned by your students?"

The young lady was amazed: "What are you talking about!" She reminded the officer that the Soviet Union was for peace, so that no military preachment was needed in its schools. It was the officer's turn to exclaim: "Oh, the charming naïveté of that girl!"

Exactly one year earlier, in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of December 27, 1964, an official of the Central Committee of the Komsomol (Communist Youth League) had dressed down the members of two "artistic-technical councils," one in Moscow, the other in Kiev, for thwarting production of war toys. These advisers had vetoed the manufacture, in one case, of a war game full of "automatic riflemen, machine gunners and grenade throwers," and, in the other, of "an automatic gun made of plastic." The committee members explained their prohibition by pious reference to official Soviet policy: increased war-toy manufacture, they said, "goes counter to the tasks of bringing up our children in the spirit of the peaceful policy of our state."

The party does not much like such literal-minded application of its slogans. Argued the Komsomol official while reprimanding the anti-war toy advisers: When deprived of manufactured war toys, Soviet children make their own sabers and guns out of whatever material they can find. They play with such makeshift weapons and "do not at all turn into haters of mankind and into cannibals." The official felt that the advisers had been guilty of a wrong kind of pacifism: "Toys that help to foster the feeling of courage, ingenuity and daring are very much needed by the children."

The genuine pacifism of the lower echelons, which thus takes advantage of the party's own protestations of peace, sometimes refers also to the constant propaganda about the party's efforts to improve the living standards of the masses. On October 27, 1964, a special correspondent of *Izvestia* criticized a young Soviet citizen, a skilled machinist working at auto transport in Central Asia, for saying that Soviet armed forces should be cut so that workingmen's wages could be increased.

Of course, there is in Russia no organized anti-government movement of pacifist committees or clubs such as can be found in the West. The existent "peace" groups of the Soviet Union are formed by the party and the government to denounce the "warmongers" of the West and to laud as genuinely peaceful all policies of the Soviet Government and the Communist Party.

There are, to be sure, some native religious pacifists—Jehovah's Witnesses and other, smaller sects of conscientious objectors—but they are persecuted and prosecuted by the government. Conscientious objection to military duty is not recognized, and men who invoke it are treated as deserters and traitors. The fact that the world headquarters of the Witnesses is in Brooklyn is also no advantage to its Russian communicants.

But such religious nonconformists are neither numerous nor influential; there are two particular reasons why their pacifism makes little dent on the population at large. First, their conviction stems from religion in a country where the younger millions of inhabitants are either atheists or agnostics, and where the older men and women, even if believers, stick with the established orthodox faiths. The second reason is that in Russia Jehovah's Witnesses and sundry pacifist sects are unskilled workers and artisans whose views carry little weight with their countrymen.

The anti-war sentiment of the middle- and upper-class Soviet elite does not seem to be organized, but since it is expressed articulately and from higher on the social scale, it wields considerable influence even on an individual basis. This troubles the party's watchdogs, who try to find at least a hint of deliberate organization in the non-Communist pacifism of the professional elite. On January 9, 1963, writing in *Krasnaya Zvezda*, a party spokesman accused "certain teachers" in Soviet state art schools of telling the students not to choose "military-patriotic themes" for their final paintings and sculptures (the so-called diploma projects). He declared that such instructors say to the students who do insist on military-glory subjects that "the war ended a long time ago, so why do you want this?" He implied that such remarks were part of an organized effort on the part of the pacifist instructors.

The sharpest suspicions of the party and its military component are directed against writers and film makers. Alleged proof of their concerted opposition to the military is constantly brought out and denounced by those in power. And a campaign is aimed at the writers and stage and film men, who are alternately exhorted and chided. They are urged not to shun the themes of battlefield and barracks, and they are condemned for unorthodox writing and directing when war themes are at length tackled.

The propagandists of the military establishment first stepped out publicly on a grand scale in May, 1955, when a five-day conference of writers was called in Moscow by the Chief Political Office of the armed forces. Lieut. Gen. Sergei S. Shatilov, acting head of the office, in his main speech advised the summoned writers "to create an increasing number of highly ideological and artistic works in praise

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of the heroism of our people in defense of the Fatherland; to create as many good books as possible about the fighting ways of the army and navy." The writers were to start work at once: the audience was told to report for special data-gathering tours to the barracks and military offices, to meet and chat with the Moscow garrison, and, thus informed and inspired, to plunge into their first chapters of new books in praise of Soviet war glory.

Yet, in the eleven years since that unique conference, hardly any new paeans have been produced. Stage and screen have, indeed, begun to pay some heed to military topics, but in ways hardly pleasing to the party and the military. On July 4, 1961, Marshal Filip I. Golikov, head of the Chief Political Office of the armed forces, denounced Aleksandr Shtein for his play about the Soviet Navy, *The Ocean,* then running simultaneously in several theatres in Moscow and elsewhere. It applauded, said the Marshal, such "vices" of the Soviet military personnel as refusal to inform on one another. He also criticized a film, *Peace to the One Who Enters* (about the closing days of World War II and the Soviet troops in Germany), as "excessively" pacifist and "treating our army life incorrectly."

Most notably, from December, 1962 to March, 1963, Nikita Khrushchev himself led a highly emotional onslaught on the Soviet film makers who had just then been completing *The Lenin Outpost,* wherein young Soviet citizens, both civilian and military, were represented as doubting the moral worth of the Soviet military effort. *The Lenin Outpost* was banned, and the version which has been shown in the post-Khrushchev period surely lacks its original pacifist force.

In the spring of 1963 the party also waged a determined campaign against *At Your Doorstep,* a picture about the early phase of Hitler's invasion of Russia. A decorated veteran, acting as the party's mouthpiece in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of March 31, attacked the film's "pessimism and despair emanating from the soldiers' each movement and word, as if these were not Soviet men but the heroes of 'the lost generation' entering the film from Remarque's bitter pages." A Red Army soldier in the film was heard saying that war "is an unnatural phenomenon, not inherent in man." The party spokesman was angry: "But there are different kinds of war. Our army conducts a war that is holy and just." This film, too, was first banned, then released after much cutting.

Punch (Ben Roth)
"I Tell You I Distinctly Heard a Note of Mild Dissent!"

On February 7, 1964, the experiment of 1955 was repeated: writers, artists and film makers were summoned by the Ministry of Defense and the chief military propaganda office to a special meeting in a military club, and there read a riot act on their pacifism. The main speaker was Marshal Rodion Malinovsky. "Yes," he admitted, "war is cruel, inhuman, destructive." But—"We do not have a right to transfer Remarque's ideas mechanically to our creative arts and to deprive them of the genuine heroism inherent in our lives."

Nevertheless, Soviet writers have maintained an attitude toward the military that is lackadaisical at best, and more often scarcely conceals their pacifism. In early March, 1965, at a major Moscow conference of writers of the Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, Leonid S. Sobolev lectured his colleagues: "I can't understand how this has come about, but for a long time now we have not seen books about the present-day Soviet Army, about our Navy, about modern Soviet man under arms." He urged fellow writers to tackle this "decisively necessary" task at once—"to penetrate into the most interesting, and, for literature, absolutely new, inner world of the men to whom the Fatherland entrusted our most perfect, most formidable, and technically most complex weapons." Gen. Aleksei A. Yepishev, of the party's military propaganda office, gave official support to Sobolev's views. It was lamentable, said the General, that "our literature with but a few exceptions deals with the army of our days as yet infrequently and, I would say, timidly."

A fortnight later, in an interview in *Sovetskaya Rossiya,* Gen. Pavel I. Batov, chief of staff of the Soviet armed forces who doubles as chief of staff of all the Warsaw Pact armed forces, called upon Russian writers not to forget the political commissars of the Soviet military establishment. "Remarkable" men they are, he insisted, yet "undeservedly little" is written about them.

The finger shaking has continued into the last few months. "Not so often do our writers turn to the days and deeds of our peaceful army," *Krasnaya Zvezda* complained on December 11, 1965. "The military theme is largely absent from our literature," it repeated on April 28, 1966. We must catch up with our enemies: Western film makers are so much better at glorifying their past wars, said *Krasnaya Zvezda* wistfully on February 24.

In contrast to this officially deplored apathy stands the enormous popularity of Bulat Okudzhava's uncontrolled pacifism. Okudzhava, 41-year-old darling of Soviet youth, refuses to write or recite any poems in condemnation of Americans in Vietnam, or, for that matter, any imperialism in the Congo or Latin America. Instead, this World War II veteran has written a number of poems wherein he bluntly rejects and ridicules *any* kind of war and *all* the world's armies. Milhajlo Mihajlov, the young Yugoslav literary critic who was recently jailed as he was taking steps to found an opposition magazine, met Okudzhava on his visit to Russia. He wrote in *Moscow Summer 1914:* "Undoubtedly, Okudzhava's songs alarm all those who love the marching step and military music. 'A lot of fools are still going to enjoy lively soldier songs,' Okudzhava sings. He has written many songs about war and the army. But his attitude toward war must repel overpatriotic spirits. . . ."

Note the words "sings" and "songs." Okudzhava is a

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minstrel, a balladeer, who accompanies himself on a guitar. The authorities try to discourage his platform performances, and limit or ban his records, but students make tapes of his songs by the thousands, and send them all over the Soviet Union.

Late this spring the Moscow press reported that even if you had a tape recorder you could not use it: there was a sudden shortage of tape. The state's tape-producing factories have either fallen behind the greatly grown demand—or are acting on instructions from above. There are more ways than one to fight the people's non-dove pacifism.

But the people, particularly the intelligentsia, have their ways of counterresistance, too. When on July 24 in Moscow a mass meeting was called by the party to hear Russia's fifteen leading poets recite verse on Vietnam, the hall was only a little more than one-half filled, and the audience applauded Ilya Ehrenburg loudly when he announced: "I have no poems on Vietnam."

LATIN AMERICA: FIRST OF A SERIES

Revolution Without Revolutionaries

NORMAN GALL

Mr. Gall is a correspondent in Latin America for the Toronto Star, The Economist *and other United States and European publications. He is planning a book on the Andean Revolution.*

". . . the truth is that no one had a true notion of what is a guerrilla war or proper training. The Indian population of the place did not understand us when we spoke of revolution, and showed itself hostile. Four days after entering Guatemalan territory and without executing any action yet, our sentries fell asleep. We awoke on hearing terrible war-cries, finding ourselves surrounded by a mob of hundreds of Indians with machetes, who told us to surrender or be cut in pieces. They were inhabitants of a nearby village, whom the military patrols told we were bandits. We couldn't resist. A little later the army patrol searching for us arrived."

These words, spoken by a Guatemalan guerrilla fighter in 1962, record the kind of experience that has been common since 1960 among Castroite and Communist insurgencies in Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, the Dominican Republic and Argentina. Similar descriptions were given five years ago by survivors of the disastrous Venezuelan guerrilla operation in the Bachiller Mountains just outside Caracas; that was before seven guerrilla foci were established elsewhere in the country. The three guerrilla bands which last year tried to operate along the eastern slopes of the Peruvian Andes were knocked out of action within seven months by specially trained Ranger troops of the Peruvian army. In the Dominican Republic in 1963, members of the Castroite June 14 Movement were supplied defective arms from a government munitions factory, then killed in cold blood (seventeen died this way) when they found their weapons useless and surrendered. In Ecuador, some forty students of the Revolutionary Union of Ecuadorean Youth were captured in 1962 by army paratroopers near Santo Domingo de los Colorados, where the Andes slope into the hot jungles fronting the Pacific Ocean, just two days after the youths arrived to set up a guerrilla camp. In the mountains of northern Argentina, the police first infiltrated, then in December, 1964, raided key training camps of the "People's Guerrilla Army," killing six recruits before they could carry out a single action.

These experiences seem to belie the mystique of guerrilla warfare and of Maoism that has been growing in recent years in Latin American university circles, and to which official Communist doctrine and agitation have been increasingly confined. The Communist movements have not only shrunk in recent years; they have also been deeply infiltrated and divided. In Peru, for example, the far Left has split into eight factions: Maoist, Muscovite, Trotskyite, Castroite, "Albanian" (a university group mediating between Moscow and Peking) and splinterings among these groups. Infiltration has been so deep that a Peruvian navy intelligence officer, who had gone to Cuba under a pseudonym to study guerrilla warfare, organized a terrorist bank robbery during last year's guerrilla crisis and then handed his accomplices over to the authorities. A political turning point was reached this year in Venezuela when the Communists, divided among themselves, lost their principal political bastion, the Central University of Caracas, to the Social Christians in an election defeat. The pro-Soviet Partido Communista Venezolano (PCV) and the Maoist Movimiento de la Izquierda Revolucionaria (MIR) had ended their long alliance in a dispute over whether to continue guerrilla activity, which has dropped sharply over the past year under pressure from crack army troops.

Oddly enough, the decline of organized Communist activity in Latin America has come during a period of turmoil and change almost unprecedented in the world's history. There is a population explosion, an education explosion, a massive flood of peasants into the cities, widespread revolts against the agrarian serfdom that has prevailed unquestioned in many areas since the Spanish conquest. In a ten-month journey through the Andean countries to report on these events, I saw new schools, new roads, transistor radios, store-bought clothes, bicycles, shoes, trucks and buses intruding upon the traditional isolation of the mountain haciendas. Roman Catholicism, long plagued by a backward and corrupt clergy, is being rejuvenated under the stimulus of Pope John's encyclicals and Vatican II, and from the example of foreign missionaries—many of them American—who take up their pastorates in remote communities and there preach that attention must be paid to Christianity's historic teachings on social justice and the rights of man. Lay Catholicism has toughened a growing Social Christian movement with a revolutionary ideology

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that has cut deeply into Marxist influence on youth. Over the past fifteen years, most of Latin America's military dictators —in Argentina, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Haiti, Cuba and the Dominican Republic—have been swept from power, four of them by assassination; these depositions have spurred revolutionary aspirations which found their most rapid and radical expression in small, marginal countries like Guatemala, Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Bolivia. (In some countries dictatorship has been restored, but the general tone of government has become more liberal.)

Throughout the Andean region, elected governments were installed, peasant migrations to the cities have multiplied urban populations, and the explosive growth of free public education has made deep and apparently irreversible changes of structure in old and unjust societies. In Peru between 1960 and 1965 alone, the number of universities grew from nine to thirty-three, secondary schools from 170 to 600. The number of primary schools has risen even more impressively, with Indian communities and urban slum dwellers building their own schools and often paying the teacher as well. In Venezuela, school enrollments have tripled since the fall of dictator Marcos Perez Jimenez in 1958, but school facilities are still straining to keep pace with the increase in population. It is false as well as hackneyed to go on saying that these countries are "ripe for revolution"; the revolution is in full career, the variety of its spontaneous manifestations mocking the doctrinaire context of the cold war.

An instructive example of what has been happening is to be found in Guatemala, where U.S. policy toward Latin America has taken its hardest stand. Between the CIA-assisted overthrow in 1954 of the Communist-supported Arbenz regime and the inauguration this year of a freely elected President, Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro, Guatemala was ruled by right-wing military dictators. After the 1954 coup, land obtained by the peasants in the chaotic Arbenz agrarian reform was returned to the old landlords. (The Arbenz government had been invested with powers that amounted to confiscation; in practice, seizures went even beyond the law, with agents of the Communist-controlled agrarian reform agency inciting peasants to invade haciendas not affected by the new provisions.) The retrenchment, taking away many thousands of plots seized by Indian and mestizo peasants, has provided the principal rallying point for the Communist guerrillas who over the past four years, despite the initial disasters referred to in the opening paragraph, have become a major political force in Guatemala. They have made travel perilous, especially at night, along the vital road from Puerto Barrios, the principal port, to Guatemala City, the capital. They operate for the most part in the mountains on either side of a long, fertile alluvial valley containing large banana plantations of the United Fruit Company.

This is the only major guerrilla operation in Latin America over the past decade that has not been carried out in a coffee-growing area, though coffee is Guatemala's principal crop. However, the small-scale, subsistence agriculture practiced by the peasants on these mountainsides is at least as unstable and unrewarding as most of Latin America's coffee-growing *minifundio*. The guerrilla leaders are young former Guatemalan army officers who survived an abortive barracks revolt they staged on November 13, 1960. Some of them were trained at U.S. Army counterinsurgency schools at Fort Gulick in Panama and at Fort Benning, Ga.; a few members of last year's Peruvian guerrillas and some Constitutionalist officers in the 1965 Dominican revolution were similarly schooled. The presence of such men among the insurgent bands, like the decisive action of the Dominican navy frogmen in stopping Loyalist tanks and leading mobs of angry slum dwellers in Santo Domingo last year, may indicate that even elite troops are unreliable in a highly fluid political scramble marked by widespread popular discontent.

The various Communist and guerrilla groups may have their ups and downs; the urge to revolution continues strong, and its spontaneous character is much more impressive than any effort to organize it. Though revolution has been more sudden and explosive in tiny nations like Bolivia and the Dominican Republic, larger countries with a more entrenched and resilient social structure have also been threatened by class conflict. Colombia's new President, Carlos Lleras Restrepo, said in a recent interview: "I believe *minifundios* (tiny agricultural landholdings) are far more dangerous than *latifundios* (great estates). These increasingly smaller properties cannot maintain a family, and the *minifundio* problem is constantly aggravated by the divisions imposed by inheritance laws and by the powerful demographic explosion (doubling Colombia's population every twenty-five years), creating a class of 'proletarian proprietors' with even lower incomes than the miserable sugar cane cutters." Colombia's fiercest social conflict in the bloody decades since 1930 has been over peasant squatters' rights and over the demand of hacienda peons to plant coffee trees on their subsistence plots, these permanent improvements making the tenant farmer legally less exposed to summary eviction. This conflict came to its climax in the *violencia*, the savage tribal warfare between Colombia's two traditional parties, the Liberals and Conservatives, which cost an estimated 200,000 lives in the decade following the 1948 assassination of the Liberal idol, Jorge Eliecer Gaitan, on a Bogota street. Like most Latin American land reform laws, a 1961 Colombia statute straddles, more than it resolves, the conflict by protecting the squatter against eviction, as well as the landlord against expropriation. (Few important changes in land tenure have been accomplished in Latin America—where 1 per cent of the proprietors own 62 per cent of the farmland—except by illegal invasions and seizures by the peasants themselves.) Meanwhile, an abrupt fall in world coffee prices has cut Colombia's per capita exports since 1964 from $53 to $32, thus inflating the real cost of manufactured imports.

As an area, Latin America has never recovered from the world depression of the late 1920s: Between 1928 and 1932, Latin America's exports dropped by nearly 60 per cent, and the real value of its exports (excluding oil-rich

The Other Continent

Mr. Gall's article is the first of a series *The Nation* will publish on the broad social and political changes now transforming Latin America.

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Venezuela) are now only 32 per cent of what they were in 1928. Food production, moreover, is declining steadily in relation to the exploding population. Economist George Jackson Eder incisively correlates these developments:

> With monetary depreciation came higher prices, which the government blamed on everything but its own ineptitude. With higher prices, came increasing poverty for the urban poor, then price controls on food and prime necessities, which were effective only in still further impoverishing the farm population, and profited only the black marketers and export smugglers. As a consequence of currency debasement, Colombia's rural population is visibly worse off today than 30 or 40 years ago. Small wonder then—what with the economic pressure of price controls on everything the farmer sold, inflationary prices for everything he bought, and above all the reign of terror in the countryside—that 800,000 people have fled from the farms to the already overcrowded cities, 93 per cent of them vowing never to return to the farms, despite the abject misery that faces them in the cities.

Since 1950, the population has at least doubled in each of Colombia's five biggest cities; Cali, a refuge from the *violencia* in the western departments, has almost tripled. The populations of Lima and Caracas have tripled over the past decade, and since 1936 Venezuela's demographic pattern has shifted from 70 per cent rural to 70 per cent urban. Last year's outburst in Santo Domingo, where the population doubled from 1950 to 1960, was preceded by several months during which a severe drain on purchasing power in the slums was exacerbated by abrupt declines in export prices and production and by wild imports of contraband luxury goods on the part of the military. Nevertheless, anyone visiting the slums of Lima on a Sunday morning is amazed by the sober industry of recent peasant migrants who invest their scant savings from $3-a-day wages in materials to convert straw huts into permanent concrete block homes. Violence comes only with economic dislocation.

The slums are created and enlarged by invasion. At 7 P.M. on the night of October 7, 1963, several hundred men,

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women and children charged up a rainless, dusty hill overlooking the concrete-block slum in Lima called El Augustino, itself invaded the same way sixteen years earlier. The invaders carried red and white Peruvian flags and, overnight, staked out individual lots and set up tents and temporary straw huts. The squatters placed women and children to the fore and used slingshots with shepherds' accuracy to defend themselves against the helmeted police cavalry which arrived, as expected, the next day to disperse them with tear gas and burn their huts. The *pobladores* scattered further up the hill and into the settled portions of El Augustino, but within a week they had filtered back with new flags and huts, to wait out the chilly nights for another assault. However, the invasion had been strategically timed to occur just before Lima's bitterly fought municipal elections, the first time in forty years that Peruvians could elect their city governments. Electoral pressure was too much for the police, and the new *barriada, "7 de Octubre,"* was allowed to survive.

The new slums are part of the "folk-urban continuum" of peasant pressures on traditional society. The flags and the slingshots and the deployment of women and children and the overnight raising of huts are all part of the ritual of peasant invasions of haciendas in the high Andes. In some of the most backward areas of southern Peru, peasant *sindicatos* have been formed along the lines of the Bolivian peasant leagues which ousted feudal landlords and divided haciendas and farm tools among the Indian serfs after the 1952 revolution in which the Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario (MNR) crushed the army in the streets of La Paz and Oruro. Many of the Peruvian land invasions have been Communist inspired, particularly by university students who speak Quechua (the ancient vernacular used by the Incas). Yet their real roots are in the rapid growth of the Indian communities which, given the land scarcity at these altitudes, often limits a family's freehold to a single furrow. The organization of peasant *sindicatos* in southern Peru's La Convención Valley, where a guerrilla movement failed last year, began eight years ago after local landlords tried to seize the prospering coffee groves of tenant farmers.

The peasants appealed for help to the Communist labor leaders in the old Inca capital of Cuzco. After several student leaders from the Communist-dominated University of Cuzco had been sent to La Convención to preach revolution among the peasantry, the valley's antique feudalism was destroyed by violent convulsions in which armed peasants clashed with police and tenant farmers refused to provide the traditional 120 days free labor as rental for their hillside subsistence plots. In the end, the government legalized the *de facto* expropriation by granting titles for the hacienda plots the peasants had worked as tenant-serfs, and by allowing those awaiting titles the right to work the land without paying rent. This in turn affected the guerrilla attempt. Said an American sociologist who recently spent nine months in the valley: "The peasants had just gotten some land, and were expecting more from the agrarian reform. This made them much more conservative than they were a year or two before. It was a very bad time to obtain peasant support for a guerrilla movement. However, two-thirds of the families in La Convención don't have enough land to live on,

and there is not enough good farm land in the valley to meet their needs. In two or three years a guerrilla uprising could meet with an entirely different response."

The revolutionaries have long been exasperated by the conservatism of the peasantry, once its minimal needs for subsistance freeholds are satisfied. A Communist lawyer of peasant origin, who helped organize the wave of hacienda invasions that swept Peru's central *sierra* in 1962-63, recalled recently: "Most of us did not realize the class differences and contradictions within an Indian community, how selfish and bourgeois the *comuneros* can be. When they invaded the big haciendas, the rich members of the community divided the best land among their closest relatives and friends, leaving the worst pasture to the poorest and powerless." Peru is South America's third largest country, yet only four-tenths of an acre per inhabitant is being tilled, a ratio equal to China's and half that of India. This has forced many Indian communities to abandon their dependence on agriculture, to buy trucks and freight potatoes and corn from the *sierra* to La Parada, Lima's sprawling, swirling marketplace (organized much like Les Halles in Paris) which has become, with its proliferation of cheap manufactured goods and the daily arrival of rickety mountain buses bringing new migrants to the slums, the melting pot for the economic and social transformation of the peasant.

The spread of "Marxism," with all its many variants in

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this scene of effervescent change seems much more an expression than a cause of the revolutionary process. It is true that nearly all of Peru's universities have gone Communist since the rise of Fidel Castro, that in recent years many Venezuelan high school and university students spend their summer vacations undergoing guerrilla training in the coffee-growing Andean foothills. Yet the theoretical grounding of this "Marxism" is exceedingly weak, being confined usually to Che Guevara's guerrilla handbook and to Mao Tse-Tung's military lectures. (Mao's Confucian-style maxims, extolling the Communist strategy of resistance to the Japanese invasion of China in the 1930s, have strikingly little relevance to the social conflicts which are the great revolutionary issue in Latin America.) Probably much more important than political doctrine to the revolutionary vigor of the universities is the expansion of educational opportunities, which has brought many *cholos* (Indians converting to Hispanic culture) onto the proliferating campuses.

Many of these Quechua-speaking *cholos,* like most Westernized Indians since colonial times, show little but repugnance for their peasant origins. Others, however, have plunged into the organization of peasant *sindicatos* and guerrillas; often they have been trained for the work in Cuba. (Intelligence sources estimate that there are now about 1,200 persons in Peru who have received some kind of training in Communist countries.) The Communist-run student political machine dominates the university, with professors usually subject to dismissal by a majority of their students and obliged to pay bribes in money and grades to student leaders to assure peace in the classroom. Many of the politically reliable students are maintained on $30-a-month "scholarships" that provide rudimentary room and board, while some graduates of this machine become "juridical advisers" to the *sindicatos,* the kind of parasite lawyers who have exploited the Indians for centuries.

The French Marxist writer Regis Debray, after completing a recent extended tour of South America to analyze possibilities for new Castroite guerrilla insurrection, wrote of Latin American communism's "impotence in associating itself profoundly with national traditions, finding concrete historical roots in each country and giving itself a continental continuity." Fear of communism has been a useful lever in wrenching concessions toward reform from the rulers of unjust societies, but communism itself has blended into the landscape of corruption and cultural poverty. Last year's enthusiasm for Mao has become this year's swing toward the Moscow line. A few months before his disappearance last year, Che Guevara said: "We foresee the organization of an international front against imperialism" manned by "proletarians and peasants" to combat "an organized repression of the peoples of Latin America" being prepared by the United States. The "organized repression" is the recent flourishing of counterinsurgency techniques that have sharply curtailed Communist insurrection. But communism and the guerrilla activity are fluctuating responses to the steady pressures for revolutionary social change. It would be a blessing if we could learn to distinguish between cause and effect in Latin America.

SELECTIVE REPRISAL

SNIPING AT DISSENT

MELVIN L. WULF
Mr. Wulf is legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

"In the abstract," said Senator Fulbright in a recent lecture at Johns Hopkins, "we celebrate freedom of opinion as a vital part of our patriotic liturgy. It is only when some Americans exercise that right that other Americans are shocked."

The reactions to recent protests against American policy in Vietnam have indeed demonstrated that the public—and more surprisingly the government—does not practice what it preaches in this area. It is particularly discouraging that the government has not consistently recognized the right of free opinion and speech, because the government, much more than the public at large, has the instruments for retaliating against its critics. And we can say this about events of the last few months: if a government's devotion to civil liberties is measured by the restraint it exercises in punishing its critics, the Johnson Administration has clearly failed the test.

Washington has not taken a great number of reprisals against its critics, but each move seems to have been designed to have the maximum quelling effect on one crucial kind of criticism. The government has been remarkably successful with these actions, and critics of the Vietnamese policy have been effectively deterred.

By initiating action under the discredited Subversive Activities Control Act against the DuBois Clubs, the Administration has removed the sting of one of its principal critics. It has designated the DuBois Clubs as a "Communist front," and with this label attached to them their statements no longer carry weight in the public debate. By initiating this action against the DuBois Clubs, the Administration has also reminded any similar organization with ideas of criticizing official policy that the same thing might happen to them.

This move against the DuBois Clubs was the logical consequence of statements made last October by both Attorney General Katzenbach and President Johnson that organizations behind the anti-draft and anti-Vietnamese movements would be put under investigation. At that time Mr. Katzenbach announced: "There are some Communists involved in it. We may very well have some prosecutions." It was President Johnson's feeling that "even well-meaning demonstrators can become victims of Communist exploitation." And press secretary Bill D. Moyers referred in a statement to the President's surprise "that any one citizen would feel

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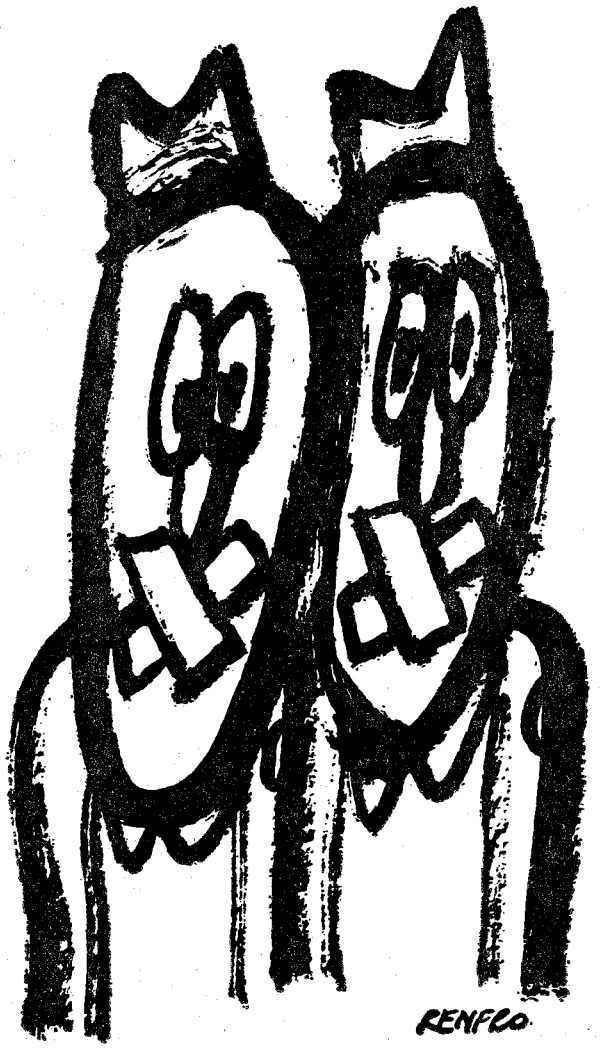

towards his country in a way that is not consistent with the national interest."

Early last January, J. Edgar Hoover predictably announced that the Communist Party had played an "ever-increasing role in generating opposition to the United States position in Vietnam." It is hard to take this statement seriously. The overwhelming majority of the protesters are neither members nor friends of the Communist Party (and those who are surely have every right to march and picket). Mr. Hoover certainly knows this but he seems more interested in intimidating the public than in educating it.

It was learned recently that FBI agents are conducting a national investigation of Students for a Democratic Society. Dean Idzerda of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., announced in April that FBI agents had asked him for the names of all students who were members of SDS. To his credit, the dean refused to comply. Summing up the total effect of the government investigation, he said: "It's unfortunate that a climate of suspicion can be created by such activity that might lead some students to be more circumspect than the situation requires. Things like this can be a danger to a free and open community, if men changed their behavior because of it."

By revoking the passports of Prof. Staughton Lynd, Tom Hayden and Herbert Aptheker after their return from Hanoi, the government continued its policy of selectively enforcing its ban against travel to Communist Asia. (It simultaneously withdrew the passports of four men who had gone to Hanoi some months earlier.) Though Lynd was later issued a restricted passport to allow him to attend anti-Vietnamese rallies in England and Scandinavia, it is generally agreed that this was less a redemptive act than an effort to counteract the concurrent clamor against the expulsion of Abba Schwartz from the State Department.

Perhaps the most publicized—and therefore the most effective—action taken by the government against students in opposition to America's Vietnamese policy was the reclassification of fifteen University of Michigan students who sat-in at the Ann Arbor draft board office. The men were abruptly deprived of their student deferments and classified 1-A. Though a small number of them have subsequently been reclassified to 2-S, most reclassifications remain unaltered. Appeals are being made for each of them to the Selective Service System and to the federal courts.

The most futile of the measures taken by the government are the prosecutions of several young men who have publicly destroyed their draft cards. Though David O'Brien was sentenced as a juvenile to a maximum term of four years' imprisonment by a Boston federal judge, and Terry Sullivan was given a one-year term in New York, the suspended sentences handed out to several other card burners are a good reflection of the poor view some federal judges take of special "draft card burners" legislation. The judges are balking at the government's assertion of its supreme power to prosecute its critics.

The court-martial of Lieut. Henry Howe for participating in a peaceful anti-Vietnamese demonstration in El Paso, near Fort Bliss where he was stationed, is an example of the Army's inability to tolerate any criticism from within its own ranks. Lieutenant Howe was convicted of using contemptuous words against the President of the United States and of conduct unbecoming an officer. He was dismissed from the service and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Though his commanding general reduced the sentence to one year, he refused to release Howe while the appeal of the conviction was pending in the military courts. However, litigation through the federal courts, ending up in a bail application to Justice Hugo Black, persuaded the government to release the lieutenant on parole after he had served three months in military prisons. The appeal of Howe's conviction is now before the intermediate military appellate court.

In mid-July, however, the General Counsel of the Department of the Army threatened revocation of Howe's parole if he should continue to speak out publicly against the war, the Army and the President. The ACLU said that the threat against Lieutenant Howe "is a reflection of an incipient tendency toward the suppression of freedom" reminiscent of "the period of McCarthyism."

The Army again displayed its insensitivity to constitutional principle when it peremptorily canceled the leave of three soldiers only hours before they were scheduled to speak at a public meeting to announce their refusal to obey orders to be shipped to Vietnam. Put under arrest by military and civilian police, they were handcuffed and transported to Fort Dix where they were isolated under close guard. Five days later, after refusing a direct order to board

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a waiting plane headed for Vietnam, they were imprisoned in the post stockade to await court-martial charges.

Directly related to the government's program to stifle criticism of its Vietnamese war was the revelation that Frances Knight of the State Department's Passport Office had requested American embassies abroad to keep Prof. H. Stuart Hughes under surveillance while he was in Europe. Although it is not precisely accurate to blame the action on the Administration, it certainly can be said that it reflected the mood passed from the White House down to the Washington bureaucracy.

A valuable—if unintended—product of government harassment is the October, 1965, publication of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, entitled "The Anti-Vietnam Agitation and the Teach-in Movement." Presumably designed to be a searing exposé of Communist infiltration, the study conveniently brings together reprints of articles and statements defining a position against the war in Vietnam. Of particular interest is an article by Michael Munk which takes the reader on an informative excursion through the student Left.

The official acts of the federal government are reflected in retaliatory steps taken by state and local governments and private citizens. DuBois Club headquarters in Berkeley was dynamited, and New York police twiddled their thumbs while a group of DuBois members were attacked, finally stepping in only to arrest the victims. Both of these events occurred the day after the initiation of the government proceedings against the club. In Boston, police preferred to be absent while a small group of protesters was assaulted by a large group of high school students.

In other places around the country the police have taken a more active role. In Durham, N.H., several members of the Committee for Nonviolent Action were arrested for parading without a permit while peacefully demonstrating against the war. Two weeks later the Selectmen of Durham issued a permit for a second demonstration with the proviso that no one ever arrested for a crime, excluding traffic offenses, could participate. Six persons were arrested for violating the proviso, but charges were dropped a few days later. In Albuquerque, outside Kirkland Air Force Base, fourteen persons were arrested during a demonstration against the war in Vietnam. In Seattle, the local police habitually photograph all demonstrators.

In early April, a fund-raising party in New York for the benefit of the Artists and Writers Protest Committee was dispersed by combined forces of the police, fire and buildings departments. On the same night the burning of an American flag on the stage of the Bridge Theatre provoked the city government to start proceedings to suspend the theatre's license.

Two leaders of a rally in Honolulu were arrested in March for displaying a flag on which dollar signs had been substituted for stars.

Several bills now pending in Congress would make flag desecration a federal crime. Under present law the United States Government has jurisdiction over the offense only if it is committed in the District of Columbia. Like most state statutes, the bills would make it a crime to "defy" or "cast contempt, either by word or act" upon any American "flag, standard, colors or ensign."

There have also been reprisals by educational institutions. In January, four members of the Cornell University Young Socialist League were placed on probation for six months for distributing literature favoring the Vietcong. In Houston, a doctor helping to organize a Christmas peace vigil outside the LBJ ranch, changed his mind about attending when he was threatened with the loss of his job at Baylor University. In Williamstown, Mass., the superintendent of schools announced that he would not recommend tenure for Carlo Valone, a history teacher who frequently criticized U.S. policy in Vietnam. High school officials in Los Angeles, Des Moines and Prince George County, Va., suspended students for wearing badges proclaiming their opposition to the Vietnamese war. A teacher in the Las Vegas public schools, active in the protest movement, was expelled from the National Federation of Teachers because he refused once to salute the flag. Though he was also threatened with loss of his job, the school authorities relented in the end, showing better sense than the trade unionists.

The decision of the Georgia legislature to refuse to seat Julian Bond, who was elected by a vast majority of the

voters in his district, may well be the most outrageous action taken against a dissenter from official policy. Not only was it a violation of Bond's own right to express his point of view on an issue of consummate political importance; it was also a direct rejection of the will of the several thousands of individuals who voted for Bond as their representative.

It would be too melodramatic to conclude from the accumulation of incidents described here that the nation is in the midst of a crisis of freedom. The 25,000 people who marched down New York's Fifth Avenue in March, the 10,000 who marched in Washington in mid-May, the continuing student agitation against the draft—which represent only part of the protest activity that is carried on in public—testify to our continuing freedom to criticize and denounce government policy.

Nonetheless, the sanctions imposed against a few critics persuade many others to keep their silence. Though the protest against the government's Vietnamese policy is sizable, its extent cannot really be measured because the government's policy of intimidation has discouraged the faint-hearted from identifying themselves publicly.

The government has obviously not yet felt the need to exert all the powers of suppression at its disposal. It could, for example, decide to bring prosecutions under the provision of the Selective Service Act which prohibits inter-

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ference with the draft law. Such actions at law would have to hurdle substantial First Amendment obstacles, but malicious prosecu ions could adversely affect the protest movement by tying up personnel and funds, and by intimidating its weaker-willed members.

Though such a move would raise even more difficult problems, the government could also invoke the Espionage Acts which make it a crime, among other things, to impair the discipline of the armed forces or to issue false statements intended to interfere with United States military operations.

If the situation in Vietnam should, in Washington's view, seriously deteriorate, or if government policy should lose its apparent majority support, there is the constant danger that the government will choose to stifle its opponents in order to retrieve at least the appearance of popular support.

SAVINGS AND LOAN

THE EASY LENDERS

MICHAEL HARRIS
Mr. Harris is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

The savings and loan industry faces perils in the next months that will scarcely be overcome by a cheery smile and a brave heart. Many savings associations appear well equipped to meet the crisis produced by trouble in the money market and depression in the residential building field. But in California, more than one in seven of the savings and loan associations chartered by the state have a disturbingly large share of their assets tied up in "problem" loans.

Savings and loan associations invest almost entirely in real estate mortgages, and it has become apparent that they have not always invested well. In a little more than two years, sour loans in the portfolios of the California associations have increased by more than $400 million.

The totals were frightening enough at the end of 1963, when the associations reported to California state authorities that $472,674,523 of their loans had turned unhealthy. In most cases, the troubled loans were three or more months delinquent or had already been foreclosed. In other cases, the associations had rid themselves of unwanted real estate by making loans to new investors on especially generous terms. By March 31, 1966, the total of such sour loans stood at $864,237,000—or 5.65 per cent of all the money lent by the 204 associations. This percentage is probably twice as high as it should be, and the reports for the third and fourth quarters of 1966 may bring worse news.

The situation cannot be described entirely through statewide averages. Some of the most prudently run associations were cautious in the days when California tract developers seemed able to sell anything they built for remarkable profits. Their officers refused to make the excessively generous loans that shoestring builders wanted, and thus today are not forced to foreclose on overpriced real estate. Some associations, large and small, are carrying delinquencies of less than 1 per cent.

At the other end of the scale are the associations that proved so willing to make inflated loans that their top officers were sent to jail. The first of the sentences for fraud was imposed in 1964 after Robert G. Joseph, former president of a savings and loan association in Sacramento, announced that he had decided not to contest charges of making illegal loans. Deputy State Attorney General Marshall S. Mayer, who had investigated the case for two years, announced that the sentencing—unprecedented in the state's history—should serve "as a warning to the men who run our financial institutions."

Mayer soon proved he meant it. In the last two years the decision-making officers of five more California savings and loan associations have been convicted through Mayer's efforts and through the cooperation of local district attorneys. One man got off with a fine; the rest were sentenced to some months in jail.

But convicting a criminal officer and replacing him with someone more responsible do not in themselves restore a savings association to health. The loan portfolio of West Coast Savings, which Joseph had headed, continued to deteriorate after he departed. Sound builders chose, in many cases, to try other savings and loan associations first when they wanted money, and West Coast found itself getting applications from borrowers its competitors had rejected. Too often, it had no choice but to put its money into less desirable investments. The problem was finally solved when West Coast merged with a much stronger savings and loan association.

Merger is often the only way out, short of the unmentionable alternative of simply closing the doors. Last year, four associations were rescued by involuntary mergers. The healthiest of the four admitted to state authorities that 21.34 per cent of its investment in real estate loans had turned sour by last September 30. The bad loan figures reported by the other three were 28.95 per cent, 29.21 per cent and 30.63 per cent.

These percentages may be startling, but they are far short of the record. When Trans-Bay Federal Savings and Loan Association of San Francisco vanished through a merger last February, about 60 per cent of its loans had gone bad. Precise figures are not available in the case of federally chartered associations; the Federal Home Loan Bank, which regulates the federals, does not have the same public disclosure rules as the California Division of Savings and Loan. In the case of Trans-Bay, however, some details were released. It was disclosed that the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, the government agency that insures association accounts up to a $10,000 limit per depositor, had lent Trans-Bay $18 million. The Federal Home Loan Bank of San Francisco had provided another $1 million. But these advances were not enough to save the $53 million association. Its last chance to survive apparently ended

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last year with the collapse of the San Francisco National Bank, which held $1 million of Trans-Bay's scarce cash reserves.

The demise of the devil-may-care San Francisco National Bank, whose colorful and hard-gambling president, Don C. Silverthorne, was convicted of looting the institution, had a serious effect on California's savings and loan industry. In addition to Trans-Bay, two other Bay Area savings associations faded away through mergers—one after it failed to recover $1 million in deposits from the bank and the other, a very small institution, after it lost $200,000. In all, San Francisco National held $20 million in savings and loan association money. The big losers, most of them strong Southern California institutions, have offered to take over the bank's losses and liabilities and inject several million dollars of their own in exchange for a federal charter to operate a successor bank.

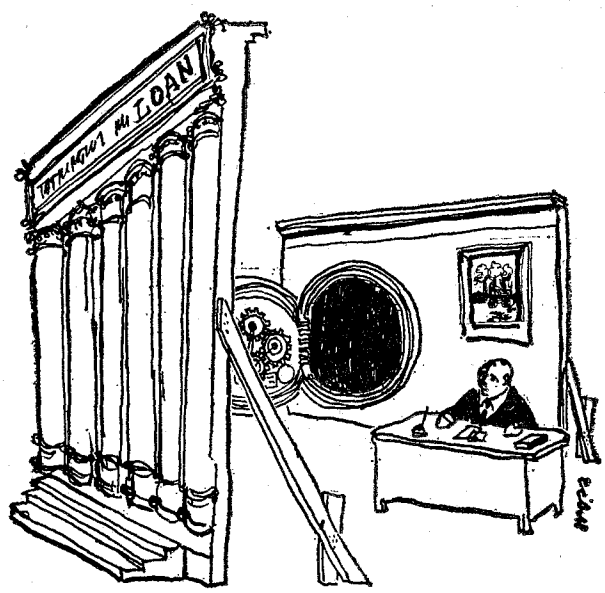
Mergers have by no means eliminated all the weak savings and loan associations. Even after 1965's consolidations, thirty-one state-chartered associations were still reporting at the end of March that 10 per cent or more of their loans were shaky. The sickest of the thirty-one, Van Nuys Savings and Loan Association, which operates in Los Angeles County, recently announced merger plans; its portfolio at the end of March listed 26.14 per cent of the institution's loans in the "problem" category.

The largest association with a high percentage of "problem" loans is Lytton Savings and Loan Association of Northern California, which reported 10.26 per cent on March 31. On the same date, Lytton's Southern California association reported a percentage of 7.63. Bart Lytton, who controls both, declared optimistically: "We've peaked out," and predicted the figures would improve.

This tells only part of the Lytton story. It is not possible to report, for example, on the state of the securities held by Lytton Financial Corporation, the holding company that controls both associations; its records are confidential. And Lytton has acknowledged that he owes $9 million to Union Bank of Los Angeles, a loan which he said is fully secured.

There are signs of unrest in some institutions whose assets are reported in good shape. Charles A. Wellman, president of two American Savings and Loan Associations—one in San Francisco and the other in Southern California—resigned in February; three other top officers left in April. S. Mark Taper, founder-chairman of the associations, resumed the presidencies and announced that Wellman had left because of "differences on policy matters." The American Savings associations, whose combined assets come to about $2 billion, are controlled by First Charter Financial Corporation, whose stock, like that of other savings and loan holding companies, has declined sharply in recent years. The proportion of sour loans held by the associations is below the state average.

"In line with the Federal Home Loan Bank Board's request, we are not pursuing loans in areas or tracts where the supply of housing is out of line with prevailing demand," Taper said. But that, unfortunately, encompasses a great deal of the state. Though California's population continues to grow rapidly, the inventory of unsold tract houses and unrented apartments remains dangerously high. It has been found that much of the recent growth consists



of the very young and the very old. The "depression babies" of the 1930s, today's best prospects in the real estate market, weren't as numerous as the children who preceded them or those who followed.

Permits for new housing units—apartments as well as individual dwellings—totaled 292,000 in California in 1963. Last year the figure dropped to 175,000, representing a cash decline of nearly $1 billion. This year, permits for new housing units are expected to fall 30 to 40 per cent below last year's level in the Bay Area, and the story is similar in the rest of California. The housing market is suffering nearly as much in other parts of the nation. Anthony Ramos, secretary-treasurer of the Carpenters Union State Council, predicted that the number of permits would drop 5 per cent more this year, and there are some who consider Ramos a hopeless optimist. The luxury apartment field has reached such a sad state in San Francisco that repossessions are no longer unusual. Just recently, one Nob Hill building was repossessed before it was completed, and a savings and loan association had to find a new developer to take it over. The real estate market has turned sluggish even in prime suburbs near Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Not only is the supply of housing too big but the number of acceptable buyers keeps declining. Qualifications for credit have become so much stiffer that *The Wall Street Journal* recently advised (April 13): "If you just barely qualified for a mortgage last year, forget it. You won't qualify now."

The solution that normally suggests itself to a savings and loan official when money is tight and housing demand is weak is to cut the interest rates paid to depositors. But this method of easing the pressure won't work in today's market. The major banks, after years of lagging behind the savings and loan associations in the competition for savings, are now offering 5 per cent to customers who will buy certificates of deposit for fixed-term investments. The savings and loan replied to this challenge by unexpectedly raising their rates to 5.25 per cent on July 1, with an extra bonus of half a per cent for deposits held for three years. This imposes a brutal financial strain on the less prosperous

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savings and loan associations, and not all of them are expected to survive. More mergers are in prospect.

Heavy amounts of savings and loan deposits have been lost to commercial banks this year. The worst periods came in early April and early July. In July, it appears, the net loss came to about $1 billion, with California and East Coast associations hit with particular force.

Although authorities in both fields say it will be about a month before they can measure the extent of the shift, it does not hurt a healthy savings and loan association to have its growth slowed in a period like the present, but an association cannot afford to lose a high proportion of its deposits. With most of its loans committed in long-term mortgages, an association must still maintain enough cash on hand to pay off depositors when they ask for their money.

There were savings and loan failures in the worst days of the depression, just as there were bank crashes, but it has been many years since depositors were turned away for lack of cash. With accounts insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, depositors have become remarkably relaxed; they seem not to worry even when the association holding their money is in trouble. Officers of three Sacramento savings and loan associations have been arrested, convicted and jailed without causing any runs at the cash windows. In fact, one of the great frustrations suffered by the managers of the top-flight savings associations is that the average customer seems uninterested in the quality of the management. His attention centers on two things: getting the highest insured return for his money and making certain that he never has more than the $10,000 insured limit in any one account.

The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation is modeled closely on the banks' better known, slightly older and much larger Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Its resources have proved adequate in the past. When an insured savings and loan association is shut down, depositors have the choice between accepting payment directly from the federal corporation or having their accounts transferred to solvent savings and loan associations. The recovery period between shutdown and recovery has, up to now, taken from several days to a week or so.

The real risk is carried by the federal government. Congress would face the political necessity of stepping in to provide additional money if the $1,584,027,752 in the treasury of the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation should prove inadequate to cover a series of mammoth savings and loan collapses. The sum represents 1.35 per cent of all savings and loan deposits.

There are no delays when the Federal Home Loan Bank Board decides to take over an insolvent savings and loan association. The board can move without notice, and any hearings are held after the event. Delay appears to be at least theoretically possible in cases involving California's state-chartered associations. Officers of these firms have the right to demand hearings before their associations can be seized, and if such hearings were ordered, repayment to depositors would almost surely be delayed. State authorities have side-stepped the issue by avoiding shutdowns; instead, weak associations are merged into stronger ones.

Meanwhile, thanks in part to the public's lack of concern, unqualified people can play with money in management posts—and "play" may be a mild word to use. I have seen a field covered with nothing but wild grasses that was certified by a savings and loan official to be a cluster of lots with completed houses; I have also seen the certificates the official issued—and the canceled checks cashed by a builder who was paid in full for what the association's directors were assured were houses ready for occupancy. The association was later stuck for the money. Officers of two associations have traded generous (and illegal) loans to each other. In another case, officers of a savings and loan have forced borrowers to take out insurance through them. The commissions from this coercive arrangement were not turned over to the association but were kept by the officers themselves.

Other cases of dishonesty could be reported, but it isn't only dishonesty that can cause trouble. The industry has grown very rapidly in recent years, and there is a shortage of competent management. In one association where builders were able to get improper payments, it was discovered that the disbursing officer was a former hotel clerk with no construction or escrow experience. In another recent case a savings association officer made a home loan to a widow on relief, though she obviously could not meet the payments. But at least that wasn't as bad as the bank loan made to a penniless mental patient out on a weekend pass from a state institution in Northern California.

One obstacle to providing adequate regulation is that savings and loan associations operate in a curious limbo when they deal with the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. Gareth W. Sadler, California's Savings and Loan Commissioner, told the Senate Banking Committee recently that the board's present powers are "too rigid and harsh." It cannot take mild action, Sadler protested, and all too often is left with no useful power except to terminate a firm's deposit insurance—"in effect a death threat to an insured association." Sadler said the Federal Home Loan Bank Board should be able to issue cease-and-desist orders to halt irresponsibile activities. He added the board should also have authority to oust savings and loan officers who persist in disobeying its orders.

Sadler has been able, through skillful use of the forced merger, to keep even the weakest savings and loan associations from the outright collapse suffered by two California banks in recent years—tiny Frontier Bank in Covelo in 1964 and San Francisco National Bank last year. There is no assurance, however, that the merger device would work in case of a really large-scale failure. Figures supplied to the Division of Savings and Loan by the state-chartered institutions do not indicate that any such collapse is imminent, but there are reports that some associations have developed the habit of rewriting or hiding bad loans to keep them from showing up on official reports as delinquent.

For many years, the savings and loan industry has been invaded by amateurs who have been able to get charters through political connections. Regulation has been ticklish in an industry where legislators, Congressmen and party officials may be found on boards of directors of savings associations. In the past, errors of judgment and lapses of good faith have been hidden by the growth of the housing market and the steady climb in real estate prices. Now the days of automatic profits are gone, and the crisis has arrived.

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ALONE ON AN ELEPHANT

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), recently spent three months in Southeast Asia.*

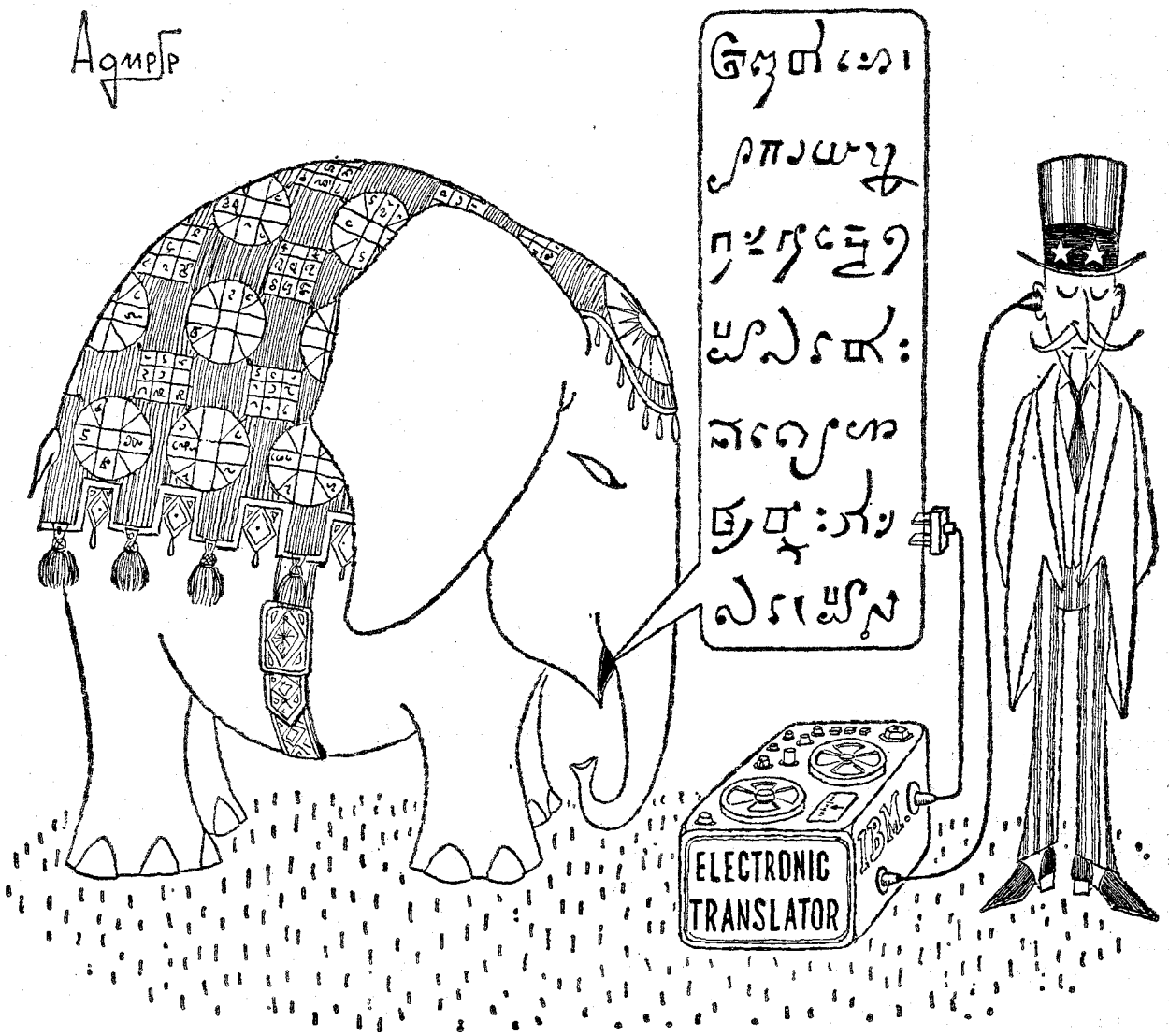
In Thailand, over station KAW, the king plays the saxophone. Where else can you get fighter planes overhead and the Little King beneath playing the saxophone?

While overhead the bombers drone
Beneath King Phumiphol plays the saxophone.

Some such doggerel as that went through my head to keep me from thinking about my fate. I was lost on an elephant. It started because I was showing off. Each morning Buttercup and I went into the jungle between Chiang Kham and Chiang Rai to check the fauna. Actually it is closer to the Burmese border town of Fang, but because Fang is an incredible name, and being lost on an elephant is incredible enough, I will avoid Fang.

Our jungle was a teak forest and our number one boy was a Meo tribesman. Like their elephants they tend to be curious and small. An Asiatic elephant is small compared to an African elephant, and the Meo people are small compared with the local Thai. Another odd fact that came to mind while lost on an elephant. The elephants of Chiang Rai speak an extinct Cambodian human language called Khmer, which was spoken during the flowering of Angkor Wat and disappeared along with that greatest of all civilizations. How does it happen that the elephants of Chiang Rai understand an extinct human tongue? Simply because ancient elephants were trained in this language and, as elephants live a long time, there is a large overlap into each succeeding generation of elephants, and the elephant trainers, realizing that the younger elephants must speak the same language as the older, continued to teach elephants the extinct human Cambodian language, Khmer.

I got lost on the elephant because I told our number one boy I wanted to try it myself. It was only a short 3-mile distance between the logging area and the base camp at Chiang Rai. For such a short distance we could dispense with the mahout. It was impossible for me to get lost, but I did. The elephant decided to go somewhere else, he didn't tell me where. I didn't speak Khmer. Anyway, getting there he got lost. That's my theory. That I was lost on an elephant



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is a fact. I realized that when we didn't cross the second river but climbed the green hills and disappeared in a northwesterly direction instead.

More thoughts alone on an elephant. I would keep my head. I would keep my head and not escalate. I would not panic. I would not bomb civilians. America had come to Asia to ride an elephant, the same elephant the French had failed to ride. But watch us. We could do it. It is only a short distance. When the elephant tried to go its own way we did not know the language or the customs. We beat the elephant. When it turned on us we bombed it. When that failed we bombed the elephants in another country saying that after all those elephants were helping these elephants. Finally, when nothing at all worked, we decided to risk a Third World War. Now every decent American knows that those who oppose this next logical step, this unavoidable step, are Nervous Nellies and probably in the pay of elephants. At this point there is no turning back. We must not only risk the final war but stop the blacks at home from attacking our rear, at the same time fighting inflation and getting to the moon. It is important at this time to spend $40 billion getting to the moon before other elephants get there. To hell with science, to hell with international cooperation. Ah comes from Texas and when we sets out to ride a horse we rides it. The same goes for an elephant.

I began by saying the Asiatic elephant spoke a strange language and is small as elephants go, but nevertheless, like the rest of us in the animal family, he has a mind of his own. To accomplish something you work with him, not against him. I knew my elephant was not going my way, but I didn't panic—close to it, but I didn't panic. We went on into the darkness, now ever more weird and strange, ever darker, and then abruptly and at once, and as though at the telescopic end of a long and distant tunnel, there were the lights of Chiang Rai. We got there the long way round, through a mysterious and unknown trail, known only to this elephant. But we got there. We got where we both wanted to go.

LETTERS *(continued from page 138)*

checked with several doctors on this, including one expert New York pathologist. They all agree. On the basis of these checkpoints, you simply cannot establish the required downward trajectory were Kennedy hit by a shot fired from Oswald's window. The only way this could have happened, one expert pathologist points out, is if the President had been leaning forward at an angle of about 20 degrees when he was struck. But the Zapruder film shows clearly that he was upright, erect, waving to the crowds.

The schematic drawings by which the commission sought to reconcile the wounds with the projected downward trajectory were definitely falsified, either deliberately or possibly, though this seems difficult to believe, through asinine error. In these drawings the entrance wound was moved from Kennedy's back up onto his neck, as I pointed out in *The Nation* article, but I intensely dislike being ridiculed by Cohen and challenged to prove other and more extreme positions that I have not taken. Epstein, it is true, does intimate that the autopsy report was falsified, basing his reasoning on FBI reports dated more than a month later that conflict radically with the autopsy details; but, in my own work, I was more interested in trying to show what the evidence is, based on points that seem solidly established. Though I had what seemed to me a logical explanation for the failure to get a probe through the back neck wound, I did not go into this detail at the time because I was more interested in what seemed to me the vital points. *Fred J. Cook*

begin at the beginning

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: . . . Ivan Boldizsar is so wrong* that we would have to go back to the beginnings of time and work our slow way forward for centuries before reaching a single point of agreement. I understand now why the Old Testament begins at the beginning. One could always reason thus with a Believer: "Dummy! it says thus and so about knowledge of good and evil." It was all laid out for one. But Mr. Boldizsar is the wrong sort of Believer.

I didn't attack Intellectuals. I attacked the subculture of literary intellectuals which breaks literature into pieces and appropriates it for its own purposes—ambition, career, exploitation, "theory." Mr. Boldizsar himself appropriated my speech for purposes of his own. . . . *Saul Bellow*

*Ivan Boldizsar, deputy president of the Hungarian P.E.N. Club ["The View from the East," *The Nation*, July 11] commented upon Saul Bellow's keynote speech at the P.E.N. Congress: "I had heard the same superiority and irony, sometimes even the same arguments, against intellectuals in my own country in the early fifties."

sanity test

Swarthmore, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Adolph Hitler was frequently described as "psychopathic" and "power mad." Whatever these terms may mean, there is no disputing that Hitler committed some of the most monstrous crimes in all history. Yet he could not have done so without the tacit acquiescence of the German people. Why did they not protest?

I suggest that the German people realized too late the true character of their leader. . . .When to protest publicly had come to mean not only ostracism but sure death, it was too late.

How can patriotic citizens tell, before it is too late, whether their beloved country is in the hands of a leader gone mad with power? For those citizens who accept the responsibility of "eternal vigilance," I offer some test questions. Is the government prone to undertake ill-justified military adventure? If so, does it engage in a policy of indiscriminate slaughter of the population of an all but helpless tiny nation? Is the government's war policy opposed, or perhaps only halfheartedly supported, by its traditional allies? Is the government steadily escalating the risk of world-wide catastrophe in pursuit of a trivial but tragic "victory" to be used for the leader's political aggrandizement at home? Is the leader usurping powers constitutionally reserved to a separate legislature? Are the leader and his executive apparatus deceiving the press and public? Are they attempting to intimidate critics by equating dissent with disloyalty?

Citizens of any country who do not wish their country to go the way of Germany under Hitler would be wise to ponder these questions before it is too late. *Carl Barus*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Akhmatova: Tragic Queen Anna

ALEXANDER WERTH

I had known Anna Akhmatova nearly all my life, but did not meet her personally until the summer of 1964. I did not simply call on her; I was "received in audience." She was not only a great lady; she was a queen. Though she was now 75, very stout and deformed by illness (her legs were terribly swollen and she had difficulty in walking), she still had a regal presence, with the same aquiline nose and the "haughty lips" described in her early love lyrics, written more than fifty years before. The setting in which she received me was far from palatial. It was summer; she was living in a ramshackle little wooden *dacha* in the pine wood at Komarovo on the Gulf of Finland, some 25 miles northwest of Leningrad. It was a setting she liked; she was near her beloved St. Petersburg-Leningrad—a theme and inspiration for both her happiest and her most tragic poems.

"Everything here will survive me," she wrote in "Komarovo," one of her late serene poems, "even the flimsy starling boxes, and the spring air blowing from across the sea." And of the pine woods: "And it seems so easy to go along that white road through the amethyst shadows, and leading I know not where. And further on, among the brighter tree trunks, it looks like the alley by the pond at Tsarskoye Selo." Here are intertwined themes of death and youth—the Tsarskoye Selo of her young days, residence of the Tsars, the town of young Pushkin, where in her own lifetime the poet Innokenti Annensky, her "master," taught at the local high school. Even in the tragic *Requiem*, on the Stalin terror, first published outside Russia in 1963, she contrasts the *then* with the *now*:

Would you like to see, you giggly girl,
You favorite of all your friends,
You gay sinner of Tsarskoye Selo,
What has happened to your life?
Look at yourself: the three-hundredth
in the queue
Outside the Kresty prison with your
parcel,
And your hot tears are burning holes
in the New Year ice . . .
Not a sound; but inside, behind those
walls,
Innocent lives are coming to an end.

Of all her bitter experiences since the revolution, the Stalin—or, as she prefers to call it, the Yezhov—terror of the late 1930s, was the hardest to bear, when her only son was arrested and deported to a camp for more than fifteen years. The "new world" had not been kind to her. This is openly admitted in articles written in Soviet journals after her death. More independent-minded writers, among them Paustovsky, Tvardovsky and even Alexei Surkov speak of Akhmatova's "hard, female destiny," which she faced with courage and dignity, and of the "injustice and gross insult to which she was subjected." The reference is, of course, to Zhdanov's attack in 1946. Stalin's "cultural dictator" called her "a mixture of nun and harlot," and along with the satirist, Mikhail Zoshchenko, she was expelled from the Writers' Union. It was during the last years of her life that she was fully "rehabilitated" by the Soviet establishment and was elected to the Presidium of the Russian Writers' Union two years ago. She was allowed to receive belated recognition abroad; last year she was awarded Italy's Etna-Taormina Prize, and given an honorary degree at Oxford. Even the official obituary published by the Writers' Union paid tribute to a "remarkable Soviet poet":

> For more than half a century she devoted herself to the noble service of Russian poetic speech, of the homeland, and of Soviet society building a new world.

Indeed, she became "accepted" to such an extent that the authorities turned a blind eye to the publication abroad of *Requiem*, "without the author's knowledge or consent," as stated by the Munich publisher. It could, after all, be regarded as an anti-Stalin, rather than an anti-Soviet poem; even so, some of its lines are too strong for publication in the USSR. She speaks of her "tormented mouth, through which a hundred million people cry":

In those days, happy to be left in
peace,
Only the dead smiled.
And like a useless appendix to its
prisons,
Leningrad swayed in the wind.
Insane in their torment the regiments
of the condemned marched away,
And the engines' whistles alone sang
their short farewell song.
The deadly stars shone above us,
And innocent Russia writhed in her
agony
Under the bloodstained policemen's
boots
And under the tires of the Black
Marias.

Akhmatova was happiest in her youth, before the revolution, and she scarcely ever made any secret of it. She loved Russia, but was always out of step with the Soviet Union except—and the exception is significant—during World War II when "Russia" and the "Soviet Union" became one for her. Blok, Bryusov, Mayakovsky and Pasternak "accepted" the revolution, each in his own way—some, like Pasternak, only halfheartedly; but Akhmatova was never at home with it. In two or three strange little poems written in the early twenties she *tried* to work up faith and some enthusiasm, but it did not last and the regime gave her no encouragement. But her profound love of Russia continued all her life; in 1917, she wrote a poem in which she squarely rejected the *émigré* way; and in 1957, she added these lines to *Requiem*:

No, I lived not under foreign skies;
I did not shelter under foreign wings;
I even then *stayed with my people,*
There *where, unhappily, my people*
lived.

After she was 65, she wrote what will probably rank as her greatest poetry. Unlike her early love lyrics, unlike her tragic, intensely bitter *Requiem*, unlike her war poems with their exaltation, pathos and infinite human pity—above all, for the martyred children of Leningrad—her last poems are marked by the serenity, wisdom and resignation of old age. They combine a deep love of art, music, nature and, again St. Petersburg-Leningrad and Tsarskoye Selo, the one associated with her whole life, the other with her happy youth. Many of these poems are extremely subtle, using the same play of unexpected associations as does Innokenti Annensky, a name that is frequently recalled and whose influence is even stronger here than in any of her early poems. She also completed "A Poem Without a Hero," which she had begun some twenty years before. She calls its shadowy visions of the past "an infernal harlequinade"; in the introductory part she pokes fun at her Soviet editor:

And he grumbled: "It's got three sub-
jects,
And, having read it to the end, I
still can't imagine
Who's in love with whom, and who
met, and where and why,

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Who's alive and who is dead,
Who is author, and who is hero;
And, anyway, who wants today
All these discussions about a poet
And all these swarms of phantoms?"

Parts of this poem were published in the *Den' Poezii* annual in 1962 and 1963, while the shorter poems, originally published mostly in *Zvezda* and *Novy Mir*, have been assembled in the first of two volumes recently published in Munich, and edited by Prof. Gleb Struve and B. Filippov.

Neither the "Poem Without a Hero" nor the short poems of the last ten years are "easy" reading (as *Requiem* is), and it is difficult to explain to non-Russian readers their verbal beauty, laconic conciseness and frequent "mysteriousness." There is little hope that they can be worthily translated, except by a very great poet. How, indeed, "explain" Akhmatova's own favorite cycle of very short poems, *Midnight Verses* written in 1963-64, such as "Midnight Visit," beginning:

You will not wait for me long
On asphalt pavements with their autumn leaves.
We shall meet in Vivaldi's Adagio again.
And again the candles will be dimly yellow
And enwrapped in sleep.
But no violin will ask you how you entered
Into my midnight home. . . .

All this was written at the end of a very long literary career, but one marked by tragically long gaps. It must have been in 1914 or 1915, as a youngster, that I first heard of Akhmatova. My uncle, Peter Naumov, was a literary critic and contributor to *Apollon*, the *avant-garde* literary and art magazine of the St. Petersburg of those days—a superbly produced monthly with its Dobuzhinsky cover and its color plates of Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso (these were almost unknown names in Russia then), and of modern Russian painters. *Apollon* also published some of the newest Russian poetry, including that of a poet of genius, Innokenti Annensky, who had died in 1909, and that of his "Acmeist" followers, such as Nikolai Gumilev and his young wife, Anna Akhmatova. My uncle, returning from an *Apollon* reception, was completely under the spell of this dazzling pair—who had come to be known as Gumi-lev and Gumi-lvitsa—Gumi-lion and Gumi-lioness. "A lioness," he said, "a queen!"

Only 300 copies had been published of Akhmatova's first book of poems, *Evening*; but her second book, *The Rosary*, printed in 1914, became immensely popular, especially with women readers who were fascinated by the music of her verse, its epigrammatic conciseness, and by her strangely varying female moods, ranging from feminine humility to haughtiness and feminist arrogance; from timid uncertainty to full self-assurance; from sensuality to a kind of intellectually amorous detachment. Those years of the First World War were the years of Akhmatova's greatest popularity and success.

It was fashionable, in the Stalin days, to recall Maxim Gorki's statement that the last fifteen years before the revolution were the most "shameful" period in Russian literature. It may have suffered from a certain escapism, which was not characteristic of classical Russian 19th-century literature. But the fact remains that with Bryusov, Balmont, Blok, Annensky, Belyi, Sologub, Vyacheslav Ivanov, Gumilev, Akhmatova, the young Mayakovsky and many others, it was one of the most excitingly creative periods, especially in poetry. Russian painting, under French influence, also broke new ground for the first time; while music, after Scriabin, the last of the Romantics, gave way to the vigorous young Stravinsky and Prokofiev. This was the world to which Akhmatova belonged; all her life she continued to think of it with nostalgia.

Like Shakespeare's sonnets, Akhmatova's love lyrics are something of a mystery: to whom are they addressed? Is their hero Gumilev, as is sometimes obvious; or did "the gay sinner of Tsarskoye Selo" have other heroes, as seems equally obvious? Was Blok one of them? People who knew them both have assured me that there never was a Blok-Akhmatova love affair, though the enmity between Gumilev and Blok was notorious. Was the mutual dislike merely literature—the "neoclassicism" of the Acmeists being, at least in part, a reaction against the more nebulous type of symbolist verse so typical of the earlier Blok? But unlike Gumilev, Akhmatova admired Blok, both as a poet and a person.

In her third book of poems, *The White Flock*, the love lyrics are interspersed with numerous poems on the destiny of Russia and St. Petersburg. The First World War filled her with anxiety and deep misgivings about Russia's future. There are very few references to the revolution in the poems written between 1917 and 1925, except for some significant attempts to "accept" it. On the other hand, there are hints of its evil and destructive nature, such as a description of the 1917 crowds carrying funeral banners "with sinister laughing skulls." But time and time again, there recur in her 1917-25 poems, the themes of Russia and St. Petersburg, the sunny, classical, harmonious St. Petersburg of Pushkin with the ghostly, almost surrealist St. Petersburg of Dostoevsky and the eerie, "condemned" St. Petersburg of Belyi and Annensky. And "condemned" it seemed, for in 1918-22 it was the City of Famine, as it was to become again—though on a much more fearful scale—during World War II.

Discouraged, apparently, by Soviet publishers, Akhmatova wrote very little original verse (she wrote literary studies and translations instead) between 1925 and the end of the 1930s. Subsequently, she produced *Requiem*, not to be published until 1963. Then came World War II. Like many other Soviet intellectuals, Akhmatova deeply felt the tragedy of Western Europe, and wrote two famous poems, one on the Nazi occupation of Paris, the other on the London blitz. The invasion of Russia called out some of her most moving and deeply inspired poems, such as "Courage," on the Russian people's determination to save their country, their language and their civilization. These war poems are about the bravery and suffering of Russia and her "ordinary" people; there is not a word about rulers. A small volume of her selected poems was published in Tashkent in 1943 and, no doubt with a touch of bitter humor, she had managed to slip into it one poem from *Requiem*—on the deportation of her son, but, taken out of context, it was unintelligible.

Even so, by the end of the war all seemed well. In 1945, she wrote *March of Time*, with its amazing opening poem on St. Petersburg and Dostoevsky. It was published that year (with some cuts) in Leningrad; some of it the authorities must have thought impertinent. And then, in September, 1946, there was a Poets' Evening in Moscow, to which I went. The crowds of young people, tired of the "ham" poetry written by the official poets, pointedly ignored these, and staged a tremendous ovation in honor of Pasternak and Akhmatova, both of whom were there. The demonstration did not pass unnoticed ("this will lead to no good," Akhmatova remarked when the evening was over) and shortly afterward Zhdanov got busy on the writers first, then the film directors and, finally, in 1948, the composers. Akhmatova and Zoshchenko were the first victims of that hideous postwar "cultural purge." For several years after, she lived in Leningrad in silence and great poverty. It was not until 1950 that Surkov, then editor of *Ogonyok*, published a few (admittedly rather conventional) poems of hers on the revival of Leningrad.

She did not, to any great extent, resume writing until 1956-58; and it was during this "second birth," as Professor Struve

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calls it, that she wrote some of her most remarkable poetry. Ostensibly, she had made her peace with the Soviet world in the more tolerant, more liberal atmosphere of the Khrushchev period. Magazine editors were eager to publish her new works and selections of her earlier poetry were reprinted in many thousands of copies. Her early love lyrics (of which she herself latterly spoke with some disdain) became immensely popular with millions of young Russians.

Though she had made an uneasy peace with the Soviet system I could feel on that day at Komarovo that there was much she could never forgive and forget. Her bitterness was reflected in some unpublished poems she showed me. In one she likened the last fifty years of her life to Kafka's *Trial*.

When I asked her whether *Requiem* (which had just appeared abroad) would be published in Russia, she simply said: "What does it matter? Hundreds of thousands of people, most of whom had never even heard of me, have read it in typescript or handwritten copies. There are thousands of copies circulating in Moscow, Leningrad and all over Russia." Of present-day Soviet poetry she did not think much, and was even rather hard on Yevtushenko and Voznesensky. "Good showmen," she said, and envied them their platform effects and their capacity of attracting to their "poetry readings" 10,000 to 15,000 young people. "But great poetry—no. There are some better poets than they in Russia and, above all, many young poets of whom hardly anybody has ever heard since they don't get published." She clearly thought of herself as the last of the great Russian poets, and spoke with strange warmth and affection, using first names, of the last "big three" who had died: Osip, Boris and Marina—that is, Mandelstam, Pasternak and Cvetaeva. Although her marriage to Gumilev had ended in divorce after six years (a few years later, in 1920, Gumilev was to be shot as a counterrevolutionary), she spoke of him with affection and admiration, always referring to him oddly as Nikolai Stepanovich.

Her first posthumous "gesture" was significant: like Pasternak, she had asked to be given an Orthodox Church funeral. Whether she was genuinely religious or not, the Church belonged to that "other," more archaic Russia to which, at heart, she too had always belonged. Not Tsarist Russia (for she never cared about the Tsar), but the Russia that somehow goes on under *any* government, and from which, unlike her *émigré* admirers, she refused ever to be separated. This catlike devotion to her "home" is more typically Russian than is often supposed

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RANDOM HOUSE

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abroad. There are many other "Akhmatovas," especially among the Russian intellectuals. Thousands went to her funeral; among them were many young Soviet poets, including Andrei Voznesensky. Several of them are studying her superb craftsmanship. But whether her death marks the end of an epoch and a tradition no one can yet say. Even in recent years she was no more than tolerated by the "ideologists," and will no doubt be more frowned upon than ever after the Siniavsky-Daniel trial and the 23rd Congress. It is uncertain whether *Requiem* and her unpublished poems will see the light of day in any foreseeable future. But who can say what is going on among those "real" young poets whom she mentioned to me and whose names she would not reveal?

Sholokhov and the Nobel Prize

EDWARD J. BROWN
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When the Nobel Prize was awarded recently to Mikhail Sholokhov, a writer was honored who has been an active and loyal member of the Communist Party since 1932. In this role he was always ready to carry out "tasks" in defense or explanation of official policy, able to change his views and emend his literary texts and to be eloquent in castigating heresy and heretics. It would be an absurd mistake to count him among the Soviet liberals, or to suppose that his little village of Veshenskaia in the Don country is a refuge from activity and from metropolitan politics. He has seldom known peace or sought refuge, and the record of his life is one of deliberate engagement, in the Soviet meaning of that term.

Before he was 15, war and revolution had brought his secondary education to an abrupt close; apart from brief attendance at a "workers' school" (*rabfak*) in Moscow, there is no record that he continued his education. He has not been reluctant, however, to educate others: "When I was fifteen," he wrote in his autobiography, "I taught adults in the program for liquidating illiteracy." At about the same age he volunteered as a member of a "grain detachment" which operated in the Don region, searching out and confiscating hidden food stores in peasant villages. In 1930, he was very responsive to the party's propaganda needs, and interrupted his work on *The Quiet Don* to write the first part of a long novel on collectivization, *Virgin Soil Upturned.*

It is true that on a number of occasions Sholokhov intervened vigorously to correct injustices in local Communist administration, and Khrushchev revealed that during the days of the great purge Sholokhov once wrote a frank letter to Stalin protesting events in the south. However, there is no record that he protested when literary comrades met death or banishment during the same period. On the contrary, as one of the distinguished speakers at a Congress of the Communist Party in 1939, he supported the literary terror. "The ranks of Soviet literature," he said, "now purged of enemies, are stronger and healthier."

After the death of Stalin, Sholokhov was again selected to address a Party Congress, the Twentieth or "de-Stalinization" Congress, where his speech was in large part a racily idiomatic attack on Stalinist literary administrators, two of whom, Surkov and Fadeev, he named and covered with contempt. That remarkable speech, along with other statements of a similar nature, seemed to place Sholokhov in the liberal camp during the early years of the "thaw." However, in moments of crisis, in 1957 when Dudintsev and the editors of *Literary Moscow* were under attack, and in 1958 when Pasternak was in trouble, Sholokhov made no effective use of his name and political power. In April of this year, in a speech delivered at the Twenty-Third Congress of the Communist Party, Sholokhov referred to Siniavsky and Daniel as

> . . . writers who write one thing at home and something quite different abroad. They use in both cases the same Russian language, but in the one case they use it to mask themselves, and in the other to blacken that very language because of their malice and their hatred for everything Soviet, for everything that we hold precious and holy. . . .
>
> I am one of those who are proud of being a son of this fine and mighty motherland. . . . How should I react at the behavior of traitors who raise their hand against what is so dear to us?

Sholokhov's behavior has often been repugnant, and we may be certain that liberal Soviet intellectuals felt dismay at the honor paid him by the Swedish Academy. But perhaps we should make an effort to understand him. His commitment to party and government has always translated easily into terms of conventional Russian patriotism, and that patriotism has sometimes been strong enough in him to justify actions that may seem to us reprehensible.

Sholokhov is a prime illustration of an elementary principle in literary criticism: that the man and his work must be judged by very different criteria. The artist is something like a priest of the old dispensation who, even though subject to temptation and sin, still disposed of the sacraments and of divine grace. Sholokhov's rich natural endowment of imagination and linguistic power has enabled him to produce, in *The Quiet Don,* a work that possesses power, scope and verbal beauty. His rudeness and relative lack of education, his innocence of literary culture, his remoteness from the intellectual life of Paris or London—all of this has been a source of strength to him as an artist. I do not mean to suggest that we should think of him in quasi-Rousseauistic terms as an unspoiled, untutored natural genius who appeared in some happy hinterland. The case is much more subtle and more complex, for Sholokhov is not at all the pure product of nature but of a particular political and literary culture.

As a literary phenomenon he belongs both to the October Revolution and the period of Russian modernism. He cannot be imagined apart from the "proletarian" literary movement of the twenties, and at that time, like many another *novus homo* produced in the proletarian milieu, he received an *ad hoc* literary education in the principles of Marxist literary creation and in the "craft" of writing. As a member of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers he was subjected to reiterated preachment of the so-called "living-man" doctrine, actually a set of precepts for new writers which would enable them, the leaders hoped, to depict the "dialectical" movement of history in the direction of communism, while avoiding propagandist distortion. One requirement of the proletarian school was that since life is a process of "dialectical" development, the writer should discover the conflict of opposites not only in the social group but in individual men. No absolutes in the world of literary characters could be tolerated since all "living men" are mixtures of historically "good" and historically "bad" qualities. Created under the aegis of the "living man," the central character in *The Quiet Don,* Grigorii Melekhov, exhibits the tragic predicament of an insoluble inner conflict: he joins the Reds, deserts them for the Whites and in the end returns de-

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feated to his home and his village where a colorless but well-organized man who is in step with "history," Mishka Koshevoi, holds the "Soviet" power firmly in his hands.

The concept of the "positive hero," a model of revolutionary virtue who was later to play such a malodorous role in Soviet literature, was not favored in the twenties by the school to which Sholokhov belonged. It was believed, with some justice, that even a proletarian Communist should not be shown as all good, but should exhibit a few traits that are historically backward. And the bourgeois, though a class enemy, should never be portrayed as all bad. "That would not be true to life, comrades," pontificated the youthful theoretician, V. Yermilov. This lesson at least Sholokhov did learn, and because he learned it so well *The Quiet Don* is a very fine book. We recall the quietly fierce scene in which the Bolshevik leader Podtyolkov commits a massacre of White officers. The sparse, syntactically bare sentences that describe that event seem to pass no judgment upon it but do carry an overtone of aversion:

> Cut the bastards down! All of them! No prisoners! Give it to them right in the guts!
>
> There was a feverish rattling of shots. The officers rushed apart. A second lieutenant with fine feminine eyes, in a scarlet officer's hood, grabbed at his head and ran a few steps. A bullet sent him leaping into the air, like a man jumping over a fence. He fell, and didn't get up. Two men cut down a tall, handsome captain. He reached for the sword blades and blood flowed from his cut palms onto his sleeves. . . .

The Cossack village, the structural center of the novel, forms a knot of conflicting loyalties, ideas and emotions. Sholokhov creates a vivid sense of tangled historical movement: issues are never clear, motives are shifting and uncertain, world politics is experienced in terms of local hatred and fear, and passions spin the plot. The force that drives Sholokhov's hero in *The Quiet Don* is an overmastering love for his married neighbor, Aksinia, whose passion is at least equal to his. The pain of her love is surprisingly acute in the following passage. She is consulting the village witch in the hope of discovering a spell that will bind Grigorii to her:

> I yearn for him, grandma darling. I can see I'm pining to death. I sew myself a skirt, but it's too small. I get bigger every day. . . . When he passes our yard my heart burns in me. . . . I want to fall down in front of him. I want to kiss the place where he puts his feet. . . . Help me, sweetheart! Help me, darling! I'll pay you anything. I'll give you my best blouse, only help me!

Even the Communist characters are subject to the vagaries of passion. The following passage (which Sholokhov deleted in later editions) reveals the Communist leader Bunchuk's desperate reaction to the news of his beloved Anna's death:

> Like a blind man he ran into the gate, gave a hollow cry, fell down . . . and crawled along the ground on all fours, moving faster and faster, his face almost touching the ground.

The proletarian literary milieu of the twenties tended to be artistically conservative, calling for the revival of realism and a "new Leo Tolstoy." One of the fruits of this search was, in part at least, Sholokhov's *The Quiet Don;* but the relationship of that novel to Tolstoy's epic of war and peace is complex and curious, and reveals Sholokhov as a somewhat anomalous product of the "modernist" twenties. Sholokhov's wonderful originality results from his having combined, quite innocently, elements from opposed and seemingly incompatible literary schools. Not only did he succeed in answering the demand of his Communist contemporaries for a great realistic epic; he also produced a modern novel whose prose style is marked by highly mannered linguistic devices, echoing nonrealists such as Bely, Zamiatin, Vsevolod Ivanov, Babel and Pilnyak. What gives his book its idiosyncratic character is the symbiosis of two normally distinct literary styles:

> Dunyasha was bouncing along on the buckboard, and her happy eyes surveyed the meadow and the people they passed on the road. Her face, very gay with its sunburn and freckles, seemed to be saying, "I feel so fine and lighthearted because the day, touched with bluing by the cloudless sky, is also fine and lighthearted, and

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because my own heart is clear and pure. I'm happy and I need nothing else."

There are direct echoes of Tolstoy in such passages as this; more important, Sholokhov is consciously using a characteristic device of the master, one which as far as I recall has not yet been adequately named. This device involves affectation of an authorial omniscience which encompasses not only external and visible actions with their concomitant mental states, and not only the past, present and future of his characters but also their immediate relationship to a moral universe. But the diction is that of a local dialect; one doubts that in the whole of Tolstoy anyone would be found "bouncing along on a buckboard" (the word is *gryadushka*, not to be found in the standard dictionaries, and quite inadequately translated here as "buckboard"). The central metaphor, "touched with bluing," comes from a poetic universe alien to the style of Tolstoy, in whose very infrequent metaphors the figure usually denigrates rather than enhances its subject. In the battle scenes, Sholokhov often uses the Tolstoyan trick of estrangement to create an impression of violent confusion; he reflects *qua* author on the meaning of events, though much less systematically than did Tolstoy; he has created a narrative movement which, very much like that in *War and Peace*, carries the reader back and forth from the "home" of his characters (the Cossack village of Tatarsk) to the battlefields and the capitals.

GIVE ME PEACE

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY

Give me quietness and peace . . .
My nerves are badly burnt, I guess,
give me peace . . .

Let the pine tree slowly shift
its shadow which tickles us as it goes
down our backs all the way to our toes
with a kind of cooling mischief.
Give us peace . . .

All sounds have ceased.
Why put in words the iridescence
of your eyebrows? You nod in silence.
Give us peace.

Sound travels much slower
than light: let's give our tongues a rest
—in any case, essentials are nameless,
better rely on feeling and color.

The skin is also human, dear,
with sensations peculiar to it:
a finger's touch is music to it,
like a nightingale's song to the ear.

What's with you windbags back at home?
Still shouting blue murder and fussing?
Still raising hell about nothing?
Leave us alone . . .

. . . we're deep in something else,
immersed in nature's inscrutable ways.
From an acrid smell of smoke we surmise
that the shepherds are back from the hills.

It's dusk. They're cooking their suppers
and smoking, each as hushed as his shadow,
and like flames of cigarette lighters
the silent tongues of sheep dogs glow.

Translated by MAX HAYWARD

Reprinted from *Antiworlds*. Edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. Basic Books. 120 pp. $4.95.

The Quiet Don abounds with efforts at direct imitation of Tolstoy, and if it is a great book part of the reason may be that sensitive reminiscences of Tolstoy's artistry, quaintly offered in a modern accent, are scattered through its pages. At the same time Sholokhov was undergoing the influence of the formalist critics and theoreticians whose ideas had much to do with the development of prose fiction in the twenties. In 1923, Osip Brik, a formalist who wrote scornful satires of the contemporary epigones of Tolstoy, lectured on the art of writing to Sholokhov and other members of the "Young Guard," a group of Communist and near-Communist writers. One of Sholokhov's comrades recalled that Brik lectured on "plot development" and assigned an exercise in the writing of a story with "reverse effect." According to the memoirist, Sholokhov showed special interest and skill in this project.

Even if no such anecdote existed we could be certain from Sholokhov's work —especially the early stories and the first three of the four volumes which make up *The Quiet Don* — that he took an eager part in the stylistic experimentation of the twenties. We find numerous passages consisting of rhythmic, emotive or broken sentences, laced with simile and metaphor, some of which might have been written by Babel or Zamiatin. It is interesting to compare a passage from Volume II of *The Quiet Don* with the opening sentences of Zamiatin's story, *Three Days*:

> *Sholokhov*: Nineteen sixteen. October. Night. Rain and wind. Trenches in swampland, overgrown with alders. In the trenches cold, wet mud. A few fires in the dugouts.
>
> *Zamiatin*: Sun, sand, swarthy Arabs, sand, camels, palms, sand, cactus. Somewhere else there are not Arabs but Turks.

Zamiatin continues in his story to present fragmented impressionistic pictures, while Sholokhov soon returns to a realistic style; but Sholokhov quite frequently abandons the sober syntax of objective description to offer prose effects intended to elicit an emotional response. His rhythmic, emotional, at times impressionistic, prose is ornamented with striking and elaborate figures. He is close kin to those "ornamentalist" writers of the twenties whose language, like stained glass, may be appreciated for itself rather than for what it tells or reveals: the front in 1916 settles down like a "many-miled, unyielding snake"; the heat-burdened earth is "sown with grains" of rain; the ravaged meadowland "stirs and sighs" under the sickles; the young men of the village in a curious throng surround a platoon of soldiers

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"like a brightly colored belt"; the dawn pecks "star-grain" from the sky; days at the front are "gelded" by boredom; Aksinia's heaving breast is "like a bustard in a net."

It would seem very nearly blasphemous to Soviet critics should we compare Sholokhov to his contemporary Pilnyak, but the comparison is helpful. Like Pilnyak he uses the *skaz* technique (a story told by one of its characters). Also, like Pilnyak, he variegates his narrative by the inclusion of "documentary" material. He gives us folk songs of the Don region, charms against love, charms to produce love, soldiers' doggerel, letters written by various characters in a great variety of styles, prayers for protection against harm that were written out and carried into battle by Russian soldiers, prayers so ancient that they speak of battle-axes and arrows. He includes a lengthy diary recounting a young soldier-student's unsuccessful love affair, many official orders and directives, revolutionary pamphlets, items from revolutionary newspapers of the period, proclamations of White generals, and a document that purports to be a word-for-word copy of the decision to execute all eighty members of Podtyolkov's detachment, giving the reasons for the decision, the full names of twenty White officers who signed the document along with the names of the eighty Bolsheviks who were executed, the town from which each one came, and the method of execution. These documents take up almost three pages in large format. A similar document, one which carries an equal load of historical pathos, contains a list of people arrested in Tatarsk as enemies of the Soviet regime, with their names, patronymics and family names, and the reason for the arrest of each one. Grigorii Melekhov's name appears on that list, and the reason given for his arrest: "An officer. Against us. Dangerous."

One of the most charming of Sholokhov's devices is the controlled lyrical outburst. Such passages retard the action and provide the reader with a pause for reflective rumination. They stir him to think of the tragic fate of man in war and revolution. They evoke an enigmatic image of nature—injured, passive and indifferent. They attempt to reveal the true character of the folk and reflect upon it. They carry the author's delight in simple goodness and his revulsion at wickedness. Unlike the self-consciously literary lyrical digressions to be found in Pilnyak or Bely, they convey a strong sense of primitive epic art. Sholokhov's art is a complex and curious texture, composed of many and various cultural strands.

His second novel, *Virgin Soil Upturned*, is an aborted *roman à thèse*. It seems proper to call the novel "aborted" for a number of reasons. In the first place it does not quite carry out the simple didactic purpose which Sholokhov seems to have imposed upon himself. The "text" upon which the novel was based, Stalin's curiously titled speech, "Dizziness from Success," deplored the resistance to collectivization among the peasants and blamed that resistance on the hasty zeal of individual party members who tried to collectivize all aspects of farming according to a rigidly theoretical plan. Some of the points made in Stalin's speech are faithfully developed in the novel in the form of character and situation, but Sholokhov added the third dimension of peasant life and character. No reader of his novel can miss the point that the chief reason for the failure of collectivization was the peasant's stubborn attachment to "his own" things, however sparse and poor those things might be. One of the loyal members of the collective, Maidannikov, says:

> I'm sick at heart for my bullocks, and I'm sorry for them. . . . They don't get the care they ought to get. And Akim Beskhlebnov chafed my horse's neck with the collar during the harrowing. When I noticed it I couldn't eat all day because of it. Is it right to put a big collar on a small horse? And that's why I can't join. If I still haven't got rid of my desire for my property it means my conscience won't allow me to join the party.

There is an element of tragedy in *Virgin Soil Upturned* that relates it clearly to *The Quiet Don*. In the latter, Melekhov is the best and most courageous, the handsomest and freest, perhaps even the most sensitive of the characters we meet. The reader respects him and suffers with him. Yet he is defeated by much lesser men who have cast their lot with the "collective." And similarly in *Virgin Soil Upturned* the individual farmers who are either dispossessed or turned into enemies are men who had worked hard and well to build their own lives. The histories of Titok and Ostrovnov are portrayed as instances of tragedy: the most determined enemies of the Soviet regime in the countryside, the men "condemned by history," are the best and most dependable workers.

There was a long delay in the publication of the second part of *Virgin Soil Upturned* (it was not finished until 1959); and Sholokhov experienced difficulty with literary authorities over certain passages. According to some sources, changes were forced upon him, and in its final form his novel—which in its first part had a touch of greatness—degenerates into a stale and depressing yarn about an agricultural anti-

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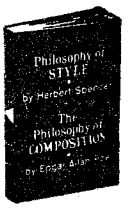

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Soviet conspiracy instigated by foreign and domestic enemies. Some say that in his rejected version the Communist hero Davydov, after years of faithful work, was to have faced trial on a false charge in the middle thirties. Whether that story is true or not there is no question that in the second part Sholokhov abandoned tragedy for crude melodrama, and the book is readable only because of Sholokhov's never-failing supply of anecdote and humor.

We may very well ask whether *The Quiet Don* deserved the Nobel Prize, and how that novel compares to another Prize winner, Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*. Both Sholokhov and Pasternak wrote their novels in Russia at approximately the same time (*Zhivago* was in large part produced during the thirties), and both wrote about war, the revolution and the Russian civil war; yet the two novels seem to belong to different orders of being. It is not at all surprising that Sholokhov should have referred to Pasternak as a "hermit crab" and it is fairly certain that, had they ever met, they would have found it difficult to communicate. The pluses in Sholokhov's world become minuses in the world of Pasternak. For Sholokhov the firm ground of art is something he calls "the people"—not the vaguely idealized populist generalization of the early Romantics, nor the bearers of revolutionary energy apotheosized by the Narodniks, nor, of course, the humble conservators of a Russian Christ, as Dostoevsky imagined them.

Sholokhov's power arises from the fact that as an artist he abandons generalization and avoids stereotypes. His Cossack "folk" is not in any sense a monolith but is broken up into innumerable, vivid and interesting human likenesses. But there is one kind of human personality almost completely absent from the world Sholokhov portrays, the kind that is central to the world of Pasternak—the intellectual. In *The Quiet Don* we see intellectuals of a sort, but see them dimly, as though through a veil: Mokhov the merchant ponderously reading the magazine *Russkoe Bogatstvo;* Stockmann, who is a Bolshevik and with whom we are supposed to sympathize; the young Moscow student whom we meet as a battlefield corpse and whose diary is full of poetic allusions; but not one of them is fully alive as a character.

The exact opposite is true of *Doctor Zhivago*. The hero is a doctor and a poet, and the novel creates a sense of elation because, in spite of the ugliness of his local reality, the poet has the power to create in his art a pure vision of beauty, distilled in the set of poems with which the novel closes. These are fashioned out of literary, religious and philosophical imagery: Hamlet, Christ in Gethsemane, the fairytale heroes of Western folklore. The Bolsheviks and the "masses" on the other hand are seen "through a glass, darkly." We see them as Pasternak does, occupied with inhuman business of some kind, but blind to the reality so clearly perceived by Zhivago. In the person of Liberius, the partisan leader, with his fund of political clichés, they bore us. And the "mass" is alive and interesting only in the poetic accents of popular speech. It would be hard to imagine a sharper contrast both in idea and in style than that between *Doctor Zhivago* and *The Quiet Don*.

As a cultural phenomenon Sholokhov is hardly a distant relative of Pasternak, and as an artist he is grossly inferior to him. And yet *The Quiet Don* does deserve special recognition for its scope and power, and especially for the author's effort to present fresh and original pictures of the Cossack country and the Cossack milieu. His avoidance of stereotype and of propaganda made it possible for him to create a book which, even though he insists it is "Socialist Realism," is still valid in our terms as art.

The Uses of Dostoevsky

DOSTOEVSKY AND ROMANTIC REALISM: A Study of Dostoevsky in Relation to Balzac, Dickens, and Gogol. *By Donald Fanger. Harvard University Press. 302 pp. $7.50.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Associate professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California, Mr. Karlinsky is currently a visiting professor at Harvard. His book, Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art, *will be published in September by the University of California Press.*

Realism can be a terribly empty word when applied to Russian literature. Endlessly reiterated in every imaginable context by native Russian critics for more than a century, the term has rubbed off almost universally and become a sort of meaningless ornamental epithet, invariably encountered on dust jackets and paperback covers of any 19th-century Russian classic in translation. The author of a recent study entitled *Introduction to Russian Realism,* Ernest J. Simmons, discusses the realism of Pushkin and Gogol, of Chekhov and Sholokhov, without bothering once to define what he means by the term, or to indicate that if the word "realistic" is used to describe the literary method of Gogol, for example, it cannot possibly be meaningfully applied in the same sense to either Chekhov or Sholokhov. Like many a commentator on Russian literature, Professor Simmons simply uses "realistic" as a synonym for "believable" or "successful" or "moving."

It is a great virtue of Donald Fanger's new book that he does define his terms and demonstrates what a valuable concept realism can be after all. The title of the volume, *Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism,* contains three of the most widely used and misused words in modern criticism. An author who undertakes such a topic is, to borrow a phrase from Harry Levin, "less obliged to expound a thesis than to demonstrate a method." Fanger meets this challenge not only by defining at all times what he means by "romantic" and "realistic" (not such obvious tasks at all, as his book shows) but by defining what he means by "Dostoevsky" as well.

Hardly another writer of fiction, it would seem, attracts so many people who would rather forget that he wrote novels and short stories. Commentators on Dostoevsky use his work as a pretext to discuss his politics, his philosophy, his religious views, his relevance to our present existential situation—in short, to discuss anything but literature. Fanger's refreshingly no-nonsense approach restores some of the perspective. His Dostoevsky is primarily a fiction writer, who worked within certain clear and demonstrable Russian and European literary traditions, a writer with an easily traceable literary pedigree and with obvious affinities to some of his foreign contemporaries. Most important, Dostoevsky is a writer whose earlier production belongs within a definite general trend of 19th-century literature, which Fanger calls Romantic Realism.

The categories of romantic and realistic, which always beg redefinition, were amazingly interchangeable and blurred in the 1820s and 1830s. In Gogol's literary articles, for example, the term "romantic" almost invariably denotes what later came to be called "realistic." In that transitional period, before Flaubert and Tolstoy arrived at *their* conceptions of realism, three major writers in three different literatures—Balzac, Dickens and Gogol—all independently evolved the method of Ro-

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mantic Realism, individual in each case but with certain inescapable parallels to one another. All three are enormously relevant to the early work of Dostoevsky. Fanger traces the origins of their Romantic melodrama, and shows the key role played in its formation by the concept of a great city as either a jungle or a living organism (Paris in Balzac, London in Dickens and St. Petersburg in Gogol's urban tales). Certain profoundly romantic traits of Dostoevsky's three predecessors belie the traditional classification of their work as realism *tout court,* as Fanger well shows in his discussions of Balzac's time structure and reliance on excessive contrasts; of the use of weather, atmosphere and lighting in Dickens and of his diabolical villains, so similar to Dostoevsky's later "personal devils," such as Valkovsky and Svidrigailov; and of grotesque characterizations and verbal exuberance in both Dickens and Gogol.

The Gogol chapter should prove particularly instructive to Dostoevsky's admirers who read no Russian. Dostoevsky's first two novels, *Poor Folk* and *The Double,* mimic Gogol stylistically, while conducting an ideological debate against Gogol's treatment of similar themes. No writer is as important for Dostoevsky's literary genesis in terms of language, imagery and subject matter as Gogol, and it is good to have Fanger's persuasive demonstration of this impact (long known in Russian criticism, incidentally), especially because the currently available English translations of both Gogol and early Dostoevsky usually do their best to obliterate all the idiomatic quality and personal flavor that make their affinity so obvious in the original Russian.

The second part of the book ("The Inheritors Dostoevsky") examines the Romantic Realism of Dostoevsky's earlier novels and stories with urban settings, up to and including *Crime and Punishment.* The diverse strands, seen in the preceding chapters on Balzac, Dickens and Gogol, are shown to have combined in the first half of Dostoevsky's output to form a unique literary method of depicting 19th-century urban life, a method vastly different from those of a Tolstoy, a Flaubert or a Maupassant, but at times unexpectedly similar to the poetic vision of a Baudelaire. To support his points, Fanger draws on an impressively broad spectrum of Dostoevsky criticism, Russian and foreign, including in particular such Russian *émigré* critics of the 1930s and 1940s as Alfred Bem and Konstantin Mochulsky, who did some of the finest writing on Dostoevsky in any language.

There are a few omissions in the book that one could point out, such as the failure to give equal space to George Sand, whose influence and example are probably as relevant to Dostoevsky's Romantic Realism as those of Balzac. In the discussion of *The Landlady,* one misses the reference to Gogol's "The Terrible Vengeance," which was Dostoevsky's model for this novel and which could have enabled Fanger to contrast the treatment of a similar situation in a gothic horror story and in a work of Romantic Realism. But the omissions are minor. Donald Fanger has produced a stimulating and versatile book, versatile not only in terms of its sophisticated comparativist approach to basic literary issues but also in terms of its potential appeal. It is a book that can be enjoyed by both specialist and general reader while, at the same time, making a handy text for a college course on the modern novel.

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MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

The most remarkable aspect of the Stravinsky Festival given by the New York Philharmonic Hall last month (under the artistic direction of Lukas Foss) was how utterly anti-Stravinskian it was in almost every respect. To begin with, it was an extreme example of the cute-encounter programing that has become a persistent corollary of the Festival approach, in which works are conjoined for some piquantly extrinsic association whose ingenuity, being entirely nonmusical, is instantly evident to the general audience. Thus in the Stravinsky Festival the individual concerts were (all but the last, Stravinsky's own) given "Stravinsky and" themes, ranging from the geographical ("S. and American," ". . . and Russian," ". . . and French," ". . . and Italian Music") to the temporal ("S. and the 18th Century," ". . . and Recent Years") to the categorical ("S. and the Dance," ". . . and Song"). But once having devised such curious framework-slogans, the Festival's directors appear to have made no genuine effort to give them an intrinsic justification by including in the programs important music that might reasonably be associated with the "themes." "Stravinsky and American Music," for example (under Leonard Bernstein's direction), contained none of that considerable body of work composed by Stravinsky since he arrived here in the 1930s, aside from his arrangement of the *Star-Spangled Banner* which opened the concert.

Nor did the American works chosen include any by the group of composers who actually constituted a significant "Stravinsky School" here in the 1930s and '40s. In fact, the Stravinskian associations of the works on the program were so tenuous as to suggest a self-parody of the entire idea: The *Capricorn Concerto* of Samuel Barber (who would probably be as surprised as Stravinsky by the imputation of any communality) presumably qualified by its "white-note" neutrality and "neoclassic" surface—which would make it equally available for future Hindemith, Bartók or Milhaud festivals; the aboriginally simple-minded ostinatos of Silvestre Revueltas' *Sensemaya;* and the Aaron Copland *Dance Symphony,* a very early and obviously premature work that of all possible Copland reflects the least evident awareness of Stravinsky even on its surface. And the Stravinsky work performed as the grand finale to all this

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Americana was, with inexorable logic, the *Sacre du Printemps*.

In the same spirit, Kiril Kondrashin's "Stravinsky and Russian Music" combined immature (*Fireworks*) and overplayed (*Petrouchka*) Stravinsky with minimal Tchaikovsky (*The Tempest*) and Rimsky-Korsakov (Piano Concerto); while Ernest Ansermet adduced as Stravinsky's "French-Music" surroundings the utterly alien Poulenc Organ Concerto. And the "Stravinsky and Italian Music" program, while it included Gesualdo madrigals, astonishingly failed to include Stravinsky's two works dedicated to Gesualdo, his realization of the incomplete motet *Illumina Nos*, and the *Monumentum pro Gesualdo*, a major "recomposition" in the *Pulcinella* sense reflecting Stravinsky's most recent compositional preoccupations. The "Italian" Stravinsky on this occasion was, in fact, *Oedipus Rex*, but none of this work's only possible "Italian" connections—17th-century oratorio and opera—were represented elsewhere on the program.

Perhaps the high point of non-Stravinskianism was Elizabeth Schwartzkopf's ". . . and Song" program, which contained two of the earliest, least consequential Stravinsky works extant as part of a recital consisting otherwise of Mozart, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff (presumably included because of Stravinsky's frequent expressions of extreme distaste for his music) and Benjamin Britten, whose "Hölderlin Songs" were as close to grown-up Stravinsky as the program came. More seriously, the significant, and rarely performed, Stravinsky literature for solo voice—including the early *Pribouatki*, *Berceuses du chat*, the group of early song-cycles whose accompaniments were so remarkably recomposed for instrumental ensembles in the '50s, the 1952 Cantata, and the 1953 Shakespeare Songs, were totally overlooked. And surely the surroundings of vocal works by those composers who principally shared with him the creation of the 20th-century musical syntax—especially Schoenberg and Webern—would have been far more relevant to Stravinsky, if not Schwartzkopf.

Webern, however, appeared in his turn, characteristically on the program devoted to "recent years," on which were performed two recently published works (whose publication Webern pointedly omitted during his lifetime), a tiny children's piano piece (played by a child pianist) and an unremarkable movement for string trio. Even among the actual "recent years" composers whose names Stravinsky submitted (although the impression given was that he had chosen the works), Varèse was represented by the 1925 *Octandre*, Elliott Carter not by the Double Concerto that Stravinsky has praised so highly on a number of public occasions but by *excerpts* from the woodwind Etudes and Fantasy, hardly representative of his "recent" work; and Milton Babbitt by his electronic *Ensembles*, unperformable inside the hall for lack of adequate equipment or facilities, but played during the intermission in the lobby. Foss' own theatrical-improvisatory *Echoi* occupied the bulk of the program, and the "recent years" of Stravinsky were represented by his little fanfare for the opening of the New York State Theatre (played by trumpets in the auditorium) and the first New York performance of *Introitus*, a choral-instrumental work of intense concentration but minimal dimensions.

That this was supposed to constitute adequate representation for the composers involved, or adequate conditions for the presentation of serious composition, seemed wholly characteristic of the spirit of the Festival; for just as the devisers of all the programs revealed thereby the depth of their misunderstanding of Stravinsky—for once by means other than solely their performances of his music—this quick surrender of any pretense of musical responsibility to presentational gimmickry perhaps reveals the ultimate incapacity of the mass-musical world to engage in serious musical activity. It certainly seemed impossible to conclude otherwise during the "Stravinsky and the Dance" program, where all these tendencies reached their absurd extreme: for somehow it had been contrived to construct an all-Stravinsky program (the only one other than Stravinsky's own) containing, except for the final *Histoire du Soldat*, nothing but ephemera, such minor *pièces d'occasion* as the violin piano arrangements of excerpts from *Le baisée de la fée*, the little *Piano-Rag Music*, and danced (to Balanchine choreography) versions of the solo viola *Elégie* and the ensemble *Ragtime*. And *Histoire* itself (which seems in the theatre version overextended for its compositional content) was played strictly for laughs, with a low-camp English translation of the libretto, the low comedy of John Cage's reading of the part of the Devil, and the sure-fire spectacle of his juxtaposition with Aaron Copland and Elliott Carter as narrator and Soldier.

There were, as well, some moments of high quality and interest during the Festival. The performance of *Perséphone* under Ansermet was, for example, quite adequate, although the rest of his program was catastrophically ill prepared. And the conducting of Lukas Foss throughout the Festival was far less inadequate and ineffective than some newspaper reports have indicated. In particular, the performance at the last concert of the Symphony in Three Movements under Robert Craft was a stunning reminder that the Philharmonic is still inherently a first-rate orchestra. *The Flood*, on the same concert, was a valuable first New York concert performance of one of Stravinsky's major works of recent years, and the more welcome—despite some omissions (the entire Comedy and the second tenor solo) and the insecurity of some of the playing—after the total misrepresentation of the television première. Stravinsky's own performance of the *Symphony of Psalms* was, inevitably, the one moment of this "Festival of Stravinsky" when the equation of the extra-musical with the musical seemed justified. But it must be said that, otherwise, the performance level of the Festival was absurdly low, rarely ranging beyond the routine and frequently bordering on the scandalous, and although the orchestra provided some of the most spectacular instances—the hair-raising *Sacre*, for example, and the incredible inability to attack simultaneously even in the *Star-Spangled Banner*—some of the chamber groups, especially the *Octandre* and *Histoire* ensembles, and the vocal soloists, most pathetically in the case of Schwartzkopf's attempt to reproduce the Ann Trulove that she is reported to have done so brilliantly at the première, were at least equally incompetent. One would suppose that the minimal pretext for such a Festival would be its preparation of performances on a higher level of adequacy than those ordinarily available under regular commercial and institutional conditions. That this seems not to have especially concerned the directors of this Festival indicates an indifference to the musical object itself that is the most extreme anti-Stravinskianism of all.

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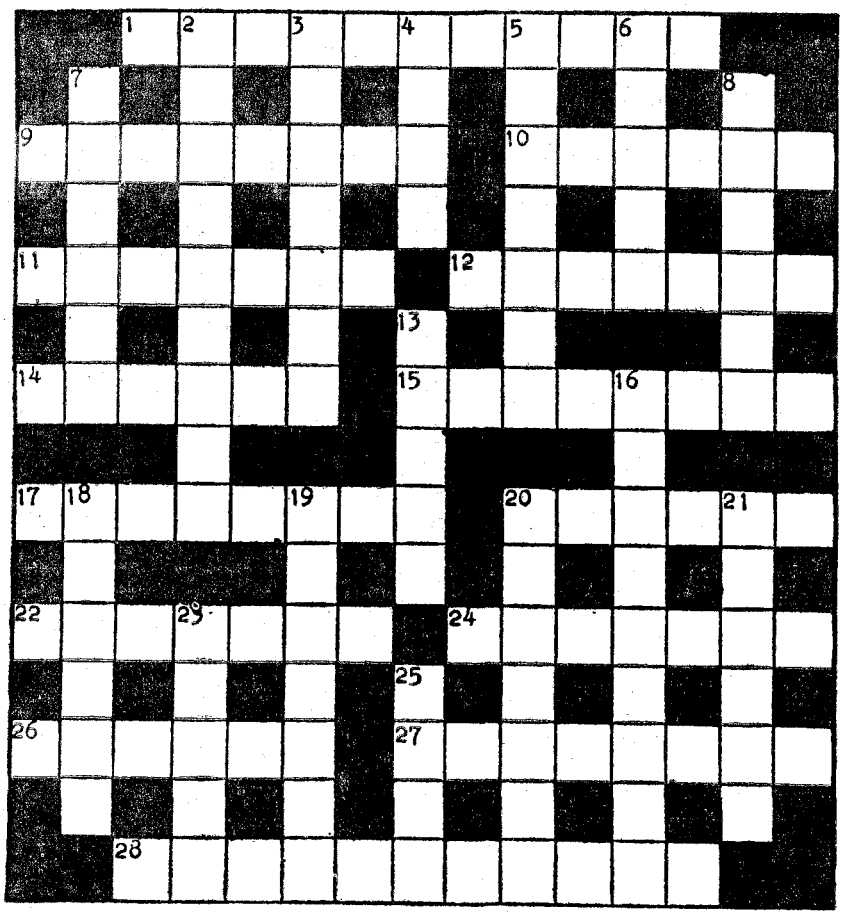

ACROSS:

1 Pointers for females that are sweet, as a matter of course. (11)
9 Broken ribs? A thing that causes death down under. (8)
10 This is close to a chest, or closer. (6)
11 How the French make remarks? (7)
12 Part of the force of slang is not worth very much. (7)
14 Inclined to be closely followed. (6)
15 Vessels and ships in distress. (8)
17 Is one bound to be a valet for 007? (8)
20 Confused skater, or at least a fast one. (6)
22 With a local disturbance, we objectively become somewhat hardened. (7)
24 The 11 we're inclined to hear with some singing commercials? (7)
26 Is such a story a-foot? (6)
27 Literary end? It's certain to be about a bad case of it. (8)
28 Most programs aren't, surprisingly. (11)

DOWN:

2 Put together a baled mess! (9)
3 Why, by the sound of it, you made money, or at least wanted to. (7)
4 Ingredient of the nicest desserts. (4)
5 They have a certain capacity for putting everything in song arrangements. (7)
6 To sum up, this is how to back a horse. (5)
7 South Americans cheer about this harbor bird. (6)
8 Tailless fish found in Illinois (perhaps associated with some trouble of mine). (6)
13 Proving in Italy the best classes eat well. (5)
16 Continue by stern measures. (9)
18 Made a speech, considered very poor? (6)
19 This cartoonist can certainly be sloppy and sentimental. (7)
20 Poor material used only in pressing circumstances. (7)
21 Help a stupid person? It's wrong. (6)
23 If you so state, you're dead! (3, 2)
25 Is it so uppity to look down on capital? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1163

ACROSS: 1 Behemoth; 5 Marble; 10 Candles; 11 Clamant; 13 Bookmaker; 14 Irons; 16 Destroys; 19 Decanter; 22 Indus; 24 Maneaters; 26 River; 28 Opaline; 29 Imagine; 30 Tiller; 31 Messages. DOWN: 1 Buckskin; 2, 9 and 20 Hands across the sea; 3 Melanesia; 4 Test bed; 6 Alarm; 7 and 12 Black-eyed Susan; 8 Entire; 15 One and all; 17 Railroads; 18 Usurpers; 21 Respite; 23 Import; 25 Arise; 27 Vying.

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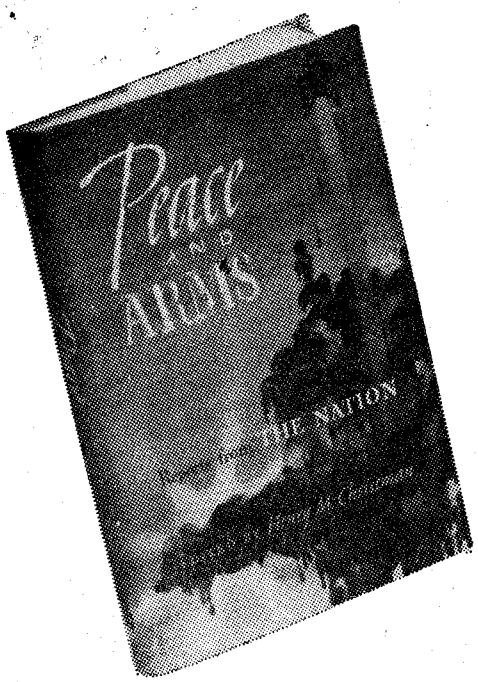

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